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Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

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Pro-Slavery.

We find the following article in the *African Repository and Colonial Journal*. No doubt its reasoning will appear triumphant to the haters of the negro race, but it is completely answered in the fact that there are 85,306 people in this State who voted to give equal suffrage to coloured people. Ten years ago, there probably would not have been ten thousand who would have voted for it, and the vote now might no doubt have been increased several thousands if the proper measures had been taken. We have no fear that the *Maryland Journal* will induce the coloured people to believe in its friendliness, until it can offer some better proof of it than the desire to exile them. The class to which the *Journal* belongs creates the prejudice because of which it is argued the coloured people must be expatriated. We want no surer evidence that the vitality of the Colonization scheme arises entirely from its hatred to the coloured people than these articles. To the coloured people *we* say—"There 's a better time coming, boys, wait a little longer."

TO THE FREE COLOURED PEOPLE IN THE UNITED STATES.

We have lately had frequent occasion to allude to the present condition and undeniable prospects of the coloured people, particularly in the free States. Facts are almost daily transpiring which attest the truth of our reasoning on the subject, and the correctness of our conclusions. Look, for example, at what has lately occurred in the State of New-York. We were told again and again that there would soon be given to the world the clearest evidence that the condition of the coloured people was rapidly improving, and that they would, on the adoption of the new Constitution, be admitted to vote at elections, and enjoy all the rights and privileges of citizens. They and their friends (so called) made prodigious efforts to secure this result. The article they desired was incorporated in the Constitution by the Convention, and was submitted to the test of the popular will at the late election, and *it was voted down by an overwhelming majority!* They therefore stand in a worse condition now than they did before. They have summoned all their strength, made their desperate effort and have failed. What hope, therefore, can they rationally entertain of success at any future time?

In connection with this subject we call particular attention to the following remarks by the editor of the Maryland Colonization Journal. They express our sentiments exactly. We have always advocated colonization on the ground and for the reasons which he specifies:

INTERESTING TO THE FREE PEOPLE OF COLOUR.

We insert below some articles from the abolition papers, to which we desire to call the attention of all, and more especially of our coloured readers. We referred to the same subject in our August number.

We have always professed to be the friend of the coloured man. We advocate colonization as his friend. We are satisfied that the active colonizationists in Maryland do the same. Some persons, we know, support the society with a view to its missionary agencies: others look to it as a means of ultimately effecting a *political* good for Maryland: there are those who think that, by its means, the free coloured people may be removed from a contact with the slaves, which is injurious to the latter: and there are those, who believe that it will promote a voluntary emancipation of the slaves, until at last Maryland shall rank among the free States of the Union. Persons, we say, are to be found, entertaining these opinions respectively. But *we* are colonizationists, because we are the friends of the coloured man. We are satisfied that this country can never be for him but a temporary abiding place. It can never be the permanent home of his people. They may stay here for generations yet. But generations are as days in the existence of nations. The time of the Exodus may be remote, or it may be at hand. But that it must arrive, is as certain as that to-morrow followeth to-day; and the elements from which to calculate the advent are to be found in such facts as are mentioned in the extracts referred to.

Whenever the avenues of employment become crowded, whenever the price of labour is brought low by competition, whenever it is a favour to be employed, instead of being, as it now is, a favour to work, then the coloured man will know that the time, which we say, must come, is at hand. *In the strife for bread the coloured man must go to the wall.* It is a solemn sense of duty that makes us say these things. The subject is too grave an one—concerns the happiness of too many—to be dealt with lightly; and we would be doing wrong, were what we now urge to have no other basis than our mere opinion. But we might almost say, that we expressed no opinion—that we merely called attention to the hand-writing of daily events, which all might read who did not close their eyes in obstinacy. The coloured men in New-York do not drive hacks or drays. Why is this? New-York is in a free State. The reason is a plain one. New-York is the largest city in our country, attracting to it, by its very size, a still increasing population. Labour is more abundant there than in smaller cities, or in the rural districts. For the employments of the poor there are more competitors. The white man, with political power on his side, has elbowed out the black man. The answer to the question, then, is to be found in the principle which we have stated. We might multiply instances of a like character, even here in Baltimore, but it is unnecessary.

Hereafter, when what now takes place in New-York shall be universal throughout the land—when the coloured man, in place, whether as hackman, or waiter, or ploughman, shall be envied by the white man out of place, who shall strive to supplant him, that a white family may be supported, rather than a coloured one, by the wages which the head of the latter receives—when this state of things come to pass, colonization will be hailed by the coloured people of Maryland, as their best friend, for it will have provided for them, beyond the reach of all the influences to which we have alluded, asylums to which the oppressed may flee from the wrath that is to come.

We ask our coloured friends to ponder these things well. We ask them to believe that it is a friend who speaks to them, who has no interest to mislead them, and who, in speaking as is here spoken, discharges what is conceived to be a duty, which it would be criminal to neglect.

SLAVERY.—At the recent Loco-Foco Convention in the First Congressional District of New Hampshire, Mr. Winthrop A. Marston, a delegate from Somersworth, introduced a set of resolutions concerning Slavery, &c. similar to those offered by Mr. Barstow, to the State Convention. They were unceremoniously dismissed, and the mover was told to take them elsewhere.

From the New Orleans Commercial Times, Oct. 17.

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

We ask for this article an attentive perusal:

The conquest of California by Commodore SLOAT, and that of New Mexico by Gen. KEARNEY, will add an immense extent of territory—about 380,000,000 of square acres—to the already vast possessions of the United States. We may assume these premises as absolutely positive, for no one acquainted with the character of our people, with their newly-acquired taste for territorial aggrandizement, with the importance of these acquisitions, commercially and politically, and with the inert and imbecile rule which Mexico has hitherto exerted over them, can entertain much doubt of the final destiny of those provinces. We have seized them with the strong arm, in pursuance of the legitimate rights of belligerents, and no event of future occurrence is likely to relax our grasp, or prevent their ultimate incorporation into our confederacy of sovereignties.

Regarding the possession of California and New Mexico as a "fixed fact," beyond a peradventure or a doubt, the question naturally arises as to the form under which these territories will enter the Union. It is an important one, for it is sectional in its nature; it has already stirred up agitation, and promises, at no remote period, to become a fertile and vexatious source of tumult, discord, and strife. May Heaven forfend that it may lead to nothing worse! In neither of these countries does the institution of Slavery at present exist—for, by the Constitution of Mexico, involuntary servitude is prohibited. But Santa Fé has always been claimed as an integral part of Texas, and Texas is a slaveholding State. Should, therefore, Santa Fé be annexed to the Union, we cannot see how the North can object to the extension of Slavery to a portion of country which will be incorporated into Texas, and constitute its North-western boundary. But this reasoning, however plausible, will not be apt to satisfy the non-slaveholding States, for they are actuated by other motives than the simple dislike of Slavery—they are averse to, and jealous of the growth and progress of the South, and view with jaundiced vision every inch of ground added to our soil.

With respect to California the case is somewhat different. It is not claimed as part of any State, is destitute of slaves now, and the records of the late session abundantly prove that if ever it be annexed to the United States, the act will be trammeled with a perpetual abolition of Slavery. It may be, that when these questions arise, the South will be contented to receive New Mexico as slaveholding territory, and tolerate the admission of California without Slavery, as an offset. What result may flow from this contest between the North and South—in whatever manner a compromise may be effected, there can be no rational doubt that the struggle will be fierce, and there is some reason for dreading the wreck of harmonious and peaceful councils, amid the turmoil and violent antagonisms of sectional interests.

We have thus far said little on the subject, but we have been no inattentive observers of the phases of public feeling, developed in the non-slaveholding States, especially in the extreme North and West, by the discussion of the probable increase of our territory, through cession or conquest. Politicians, moved by an unscrupulous eagerness for the fabrication of party capital, may seek on one side or the other to pervert every isolated expression of opinion into palpable evidence that one of the two great parties stands pledged to oppose the extension of Slavery.—We, who care nothing for the exigencies of party, and who believe the one just as honest and patriotic as the other, have sedulously noted the progress of opinion, and we declare our solemn and sincere conviction that, throughout the non-slaveholding States, utterly independent of, and unassociated with political divisions, there prevails a deep-seated and wide-spread opposition to the encroachments of Slavery—an opposition the more formidable, that it does not assume the aspect of mere rampant and fanatic abolitionism, but manifests itself in the determination to respect the constitutional guarantees of Slavery, at the same time declaring that it shall, hereafter, be restricted within its geographical limits, and shall proceed no farther. We say that the masses of both parties exhibit this disposition, not as politicians, though sometimes for political effect—and that the most temperate, the ablest, and most patriotic prints, —neutral papers withal—do not hesitate to avow these principles. If proof were desired of this state of fact, we could fill our columns with citations. But it is only necessary to refer the reader to the journals of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, for evidences of the remarkable unanimity that marks the public mind in these quarters, upon this exciting topic. The proceedings during the late session of Congress, the history of the proviso prohibiting Slavery in California, concocted by one Democrat, presented by another, supported indiscriminately by Whigs and Democrats of the North and West, and opposed, without distinction of party, by the entire South, is a pregnant illustration of the power of this question in annihilating political sympathies, and submitting them to the irresistible empire of sectional affinities.

There is a well-founded and a justifiable anxiety in the South, to extend its institutions *pari passu* with the admission into the Union of non-slaveholding States. We claim equality of strength and influence with the North and West—equality of representation in our national councils, as almost the sole remaining shelter from the preponderating influences of the latter. The South instinctively feels that her only safety lies in the equilibrium of power. But for this the vehement prejudices nourished against our domestic institutions might one day overleap constitutional barriers, and the virulent assaults to which we are daily exposed, might assume a more practical and directly injurious form. This sentiment of self-preservation, was the leading motive in uniting the entire South, irrespective of politics, upon the question of the annexation of Texas. That question, it is true, was in part determined by Northern votes, but while in that quarter, the ambition of territorial acquisition, and strong sympathy for a republic settled by off-shots from the parent stem, in a great measure stifled sectional interests, in the South, the secret consciousness that by the aggregation of Texas, the slaveholding States would derive an accession of strength, and be better fitted to cope with the North, was a motive that overshadowed all others. Hence, while northward the question triumphed but partially, south of the Potomac it defied all opposition and ran an uninterrupted career of victory.

But since the admission of Texas, the North and West have been, or are about to be, reinforced by the addition of Iowa and Wiskonsan. With these States, though the United States Senate will still exhibit an equal number of representatives of slaveholding and non-slaveholding States, the House will have a considerable majority against the South, on all questions of a sectional nature. Having already had a foretaste of the treatment we may expect, who shall blame us for endeavouring to neutralize Northern and Western influence? Is it not the obvious policy of the South—the policy of self-defence—to augment her strength, that she may not hereafter be at the mercy of the powerful North, and may not be compelled to claim as a boon, the continuance of those privileges which were secured to her as indefeasible rights? The South cannot be charged with super-sensitiveness. Year after year, her institutions, her property, her prerogatives, are ruthlessly assailed in the Halls of Congress, and by fanatic foes elsewhere. Her honest entreaties to be let alone are disregarded: her menaces—when roused beyond endurance by cruel taunts—mocked and derided. The period may not be far distant, when contumely will be followed by violence; when the compact of the Union may be trampled on, to gratify sectional animosity. In such event, if the South be in a hopeless minority, what oppression and iniquity may she not expect? These considerations, and the knowledge that the South feels her rights and dares maintain them, make us look to the future with undisguised anxiety, and sometimes deter us from attempting to pierce too keenly through its murky gloom, lest the spectacle revealed should deepen apprehension into despondency.

The stability of the Union was once before shaken by the question of the admission of a State. Should danger again arise, we can only fervently hope that by another compromise, order may be educed out of the chaotic mass of its discordant elements, harmony from the dissonance with which its voice is pregnant, and, in fine, a settled peace out of imminent hostile collision.

Selections.

From the Evangelist.

PRO-SLAVERY ACTION.

A case of no small interest in relation to the bearings of Slavery on the freedom of opinion, has recently taken place in Ohio. The (Old School) Presbytery of St. Clairsville, at their meeting on the 1st ultimo, were requested to act on a call from the church at New-Athens, to a Mr. Joseph Gordon, one of their licentiates. The young man appears to have sustained a very creditable examination on the various parts of trial, and would, doubtless, have been ordained, but for a single discovery. The Presbytery were informed that the young man had been audacious enough to call in question the wisdom of certain resolutions of the General Assembly, that met at Cincinnati, in 1845. It turned out that he had been so bold as to speak of the report of the committee on Slavery, as a "blasphemous report;" "which, in connection with the subsequent action of the Assembly, trampled on the right of free discussion, and manifested a reckless determination, on the part of the majority, to earn the title of 'brotherhood of thieves,' and wear it as a feather in their caps." He had spoken of it as an "impious stand," and a bartering away of God's truth. And, to crown all, he had published these expressions to the world "in an abolition paper, called the Liberty Advocate." The young man being questioned, affirmed that he impugned no man's motives, and was willing to pledge himself "to use in future no abusive or slanderous language whatever;" but that he could not retract the expression of his own views, which he could not regard as too strongly descriptive of his abhorrence of such sentiments. "The Presbytery, by a vote of ten to four, suspended his ordination until he give satisfaction on the subject." We should like to know whether our Old School brethren are prepared to sustain this "new basis" or not.

From the People's Journal.

THE CAPACITIES OF THE NEGRO RACE.

Among the negro race, with all their disadvantages, many examples may be adduced which prove their intelligence, ingenuity, and bravery, and indicate that under other circumstances they would not be of that inferior grade which they are now said to be. Among these examples there is Toussaint L'Ouverture, the Napoleon of the blacks. He has written his name in history. There is also Lisle, a negro of the Isle of France, who was named Corresponding Member of the French Institute, on account of his meteorological observations. A negro, likewise, named Hannibal, distinguished himself as a colonel of artillery in the Russian service. The American (United) State of Maryland has produced two eminent blacks. The first of these was named Richard Banneker, the author of an almanack, and celebrated for his astronomical calculations. The other was named Fuller, and was an extraordinary example of quickness of reckoning. Being suddenly asked, for the purpose of trying his powers, how many seconds a person had lived who was twenty-seven years and some months old, he gave the answer in a minute and a half. On reckoning it up after him, a different result was obtained. "Have you not forgotten the leap-years?" said the negro. The omission was supplied, and the result of the sum then agreed with his answer. Thomas Jenkins, the son of an African king, became a stipendiary Scotch schoolmaster, instructed himself in Latin and Greek, and finished his studies at college. Lott Cary, a Virginian slave, instructed himself, made himself useful in business, saved money, purchased his own liberty and that of his family, and afterwards assisted in founding the African colony of liberated blacks, at Cape Monserado, of which settlement he was elected vice-agent. Phillis Wheatley, a young negro girl, a slave at Boston, manifested much talent as a poetess; she also translated from the Latin. Paul Cuffee, another Boston slave, accumulated considerable property by trading in merchant vessels, manned with blacks, and also distinguished himself as a friend of the civilization of Africa. The chiefs of the "Amistad Captives," as they were called, whose story is mentioned at length in the American work of that worthy philanthropist, Joseph Sturge, appear also to have been intelligent characters. But we must not forget to mention Placido, the bard of Cuba. This negro patriot and poet, although less celebrated, was of a like spirit to Toussaint L'Ouverture. Delighted by his verses, the young men of Havannah, subscribed together, and purchased his release from bondage. Placido, however, not only thought but felt. He desired to emancipate his race. In 1844, he was arrested and executed, as the chief of a conspiracy formed in Cuba, for the purpose of arousing an insurrection of the negroes. On his way to the place of execution, he held a crucifix in his hand, and repeated aloud a solemn prayer in verse, calling upon God to rend the veil of calumny which was cast around him, declaring he was transparent before the Divine, but ready to submit if it was his will that men should blaspheme his dust. At the fatal time, he exclaimed, "Farewell, world! there is no pity for me. Soldiers, fire." His body was pierced with five balls, but remaining unkilled, he pointed to his heart, and cried, "Fire here!" and fell dead, as at the instant two balls entered his breast. Thus perished Placido.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, the great abolition champion, has just returned to Boston from Great Britain, after an absence of four months. He travelled extensively in England, Ireland, and Scotland, creating a sea of excitement upon his favourite topic, wherever he went. In Edinburgh he was presented, in honour of the ability and fidelity he had exhibited in advocating the principles of emancipation in this country, with a costly service of plate, bearing very flattering inscriptions. A brief sketch of his life has just appeared from the pen of that enchanting writer, Mary Howett. The next generation will place Garrison with Wilberforce, Clarkson, Cropper, and Buxton, et al. the great champions of negro freedom.—*Daytonian.* (*John A. Collins.*)

From the Nonconformist.

AMERICAN RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATIONS.

We observe that the severity which casts reproach upon "American religion" is condemned by the *Christian Witness* as identical with infidelity. The very writer who does this, would probably see no harm in describing "hierarchical religion" in the strongest terms of reprobation. Why a man should be hunted down as an enemy to Christianity, who uses harsh expressions against churches confessedly "steeped in guilt," is not very clear to us. But since Mr. Garrison's testimony is too violent and sweeping, to please, we beg to present, as substantially confirmatory of his charge, the following extract from a letter of a gentleman, for whose intelligence, integrity, and devotedness to Christian truth, we can fully vouch—an Englishman who has now been thirteen years resident in the United States—a long-standing member, too, of an evangelical church:—"I cannot help being a little jealous of your London Congregational Union. I hope it will not turn out a bench of bishops. We have a great deal of that here, in all denominations. Our denominational organizations are very compact, and assume amusing airs and a high-toned dictation. But with all their jealous care of ecclesiastical authority, they are obliged to look round slily to see how their decrees please us. This is true of Congregationalism as well as other isms; and, as all are much dependent on the slavocracy of the South, this is the great secret of that abominable, soul-destroying, heaven-defying shelter, which these organizations have uniformly and pertinaciously given to Slavery. But even these have been forced to yield to the pressure from without, and say, and appear to do, something—as little as possible, of course. This has been done so late that it has never saved their character, and frequently not prevented large secessions from their denominations. Only think of one of the reverend assemblies spending nearly three days in discussing, for their denomination, and settling in the affirmative, the question whether a member shall be excluded for marrying his deceased wife's sister, and then refusing, by a large majority, to entertain the question, whether the woman-whipping, child-stealing, men-destroying, God-defying slaveholder shall be a member of their (surely not Christ's) church. This is Presbyterianism; Methodism, and Bishopism are a shade worse; and Congregationalism and Baptism only a shade better till lately. We have a second Frederick Douglass (Henry Bibb) now lecturing in the State. I sent him some of your English newspapers, containing the account of the former. I have been amused with some of our 'Yankee' friends, quailing under the lash when reading the English cries of 'shame, shame,' on the American slaveholding churches. Go on! Pray, go on; and make, if possible, every slaveholder and slave-upholder in America, hear you. They cannot possibly bear it. You cannot conceive what an influence it has here."

SPEECH

Of Joseph R. Dailey, at St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich, England, October, 1846.

Mr. Daily, a man of colour next addressed the meeting. After a brief introduction, he proceeded—Having convinced the hard-hearted tyrants themselves, that Slavery is contrary to every principle of natural justice, of humanity, of duty, of Christianity, and of common honesty, and having wrung from them the admission that they are opposed to Slavery in the abstract, we have now to meet a most anomalous, dangerous, and formidable foe, in the clerical apologist of the slaveholder, in supporting the most infamous system that a relentless and tyrannical majority ever inflicted upon a defenceless and unoffending minority, a system which sanctions the breeding of human beings for the market; which hourly exposes God's image on the shambles to the highest bidder; which separates for life, the nearest and dearest ties; which licenses lust and incest—which prevents marriage—and excludes the Bible from perishing millions who have souls to be saved. Is he not an ecclesiastical anomaly, who is thus found arrayed against the very gospel he is sent to teach? What difference is there between Judas Iscariot, who betrayed his master's person, and he who betrays his master's principles: who, instead of making such an ostentatious bluster, and parade of Christian love, should be a living illustration of the application of the maxim, "words are but wind, actions are the test of principle." Is not he a more formidable and dangerous enemy, who approaches us in the manifest sanctity of the gospel? with the attributes of peace on earth, and good will to man, whose duty it is to teach the law of universal brotherhood: "love thy neighbor as thyself," "Do to others that ye would others should do unto you,"—"Undo the heavy burdens, break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free;" yet, is found siding with the oppressor against the oppressed, and perverting the scripture to rivet the chains of the slave! Well has the great master of the passions pourtrayed this species of hypocrite, as one

"Who steals the livery of the Court
Of Heaven, to serve the devil in."

The slaveholder is consistent in his tyranny. The clerical hypocrite out-clamours the most violent Abolitionist in his denunciations of slaveholding, and, in his holy indignation, considers it the vilest of all sins; but affects to be overtaken with a sudden blindness, when pointed by the clearer vision of the Abolitionist to the inseparable oneness of the sin and the sinner. It is this tantalizing ecclesiastic who is worse than the cow who gives a good pail of milk and then kicks it over; who promises freedom to the ear, and breaks it to the hope; who says that, but for the Abolitionists, Slavery would have been abolished—in the face of voluminous evidence to the contrary, that if emancipation is hastened by the Abolitionists, civil war will ensue, far exceeding in bloody consequences those involving the rival conflicts of York and Lancaster. But enough. I want words to characterize, in proper terms, the utter meanness of one, (and such is Dr. Samuel H. Cox,) who, by the prostitution of pre-eminent talents, is doing the devil's work in the service of the slaveholder, at the expense of down-trodden humanity; manifesting more love for his salary than the work of his Lord and Master Jesus Christ; reviving in Liverpool the stale, flat, and absurd dogmas that were the last hope and refuge of the terrified West India body; who were driven before the British Abolitionists like the Roman army before the advance of Hannibal, behind the Parthian mountains, there to hide their diminished heads. Theories that have been scouted by the very boys in the streets—trifles beneath the soldier's heeding—advanced at this age of sober realities, to fright the isle from its propriety. Alas! what a contrast are the Doctor's present pretensions to the motto on his banner in 1836:

"Homo sum nil humani a me alienum puto."

Surely the maxim, "Whom the gods intend to destroy they first make mad," is no unfit description of the Doctor's present infirmity. After all, however, there is a method in the Doctor's madness in deferring the explosion of his divine hatred, or, if he prefers Latin, *odium Theologicum*, till his arrival in Liverpool; (the very brick and mortar of whose houses are, as was truly said by a tragic actor, cemented with the blood of the African,) is as worthy of the slaveholder or his apologist as either are of the town: but the cowardly wisdom of the Doctor lay in the attempt to assassinate the private character of Mr. Garrison at a distance, instead of in London, which he had frequent and ample opportunity of doing. While I am happy at the escape of the Doctor from the terrible demolition he would have sustained from a well fortified Garrison, I regret for the sake of justice and humanity, the rencontre did not transpire in London, as I was present at the meeting at Exeter Hall, when all persons, without distinction, were invited to speak out their sentiments freely. A member of the Evangelical Alliance took advantage of the invitation, but before he finished, placed the Alliance in a most unenviable plight, not to use a harsher expression. Now, where is the difference between Dr. Cox and the Abolitionists on the subject of Slavery. I know Mr. Garrison from his early life, when he first consecrated his youth to the cause of freedom, from which he has never swerved, but has been as true to the cause of the oppressed as the needle to the pole; his life has been one of self-sacrifice, intense and ardent devotion to the cause he so early espoused. Mr. Garrison is not mealy-mouthed—choosing the rather, not to mince matters, to suit those who wish to perpetuate Slavery; but prefers to call things by their right names—preferring the truth—believing firmly that it will ultimately prevail over error; he has never personally attacked any one, but when visited by the vilest calumny and abuse which the tongue of envy could invent, and pressed by the overwhelming combination of wealth and power, he was from the conscious rectitude of his intentions, compelled; what wonder he should, if so circumstanced, have dealt back blows harder than his antagonist desired. He is also accused of retarding emancipation, by his violence of language. Now, need I ask if any system so needs strong words to describe its enormity, and if the Reformer is not required to make his language proportionate to the enormity against which it is directed. But the opponents of Mr. Garrison, finding it difficult to meet his arguments, have set up the cry of infidel, &c.; which is insulting to the understanding of the British people. What had Mr. Garrison's peculiar religious opinion, if he entertains any, to do with his views on the subject of Slavery? In fact, he does [not] require the American people to square their principles by Christianity? Natural justice and their own political creed demand it. He goes for the immediate, unconditional, and complete emancipation of the bondman from involuntary bondage, and to receive, in lieu, compensation for his labor—that the present relation is one of robbery and flagrant injustice, that there can be no sin without a sinner—and that it is the duty of the sinner not to delay repentance to a remote convenience, but to repent immediately—my sympathies are not with that clergyman who would persecute the advocate of such a creed. Mr. Garrison has nailed his colours to the mast. His motto is, "No union, no compromise with slaveholders." He is doing a great, work and cannot come down to debate with every petty quibbler. If the great Luther had accommodated his language, and trimmed his principles to suit the taste and practices of his opponents, where would have been the reformation? It is true there was a mild and loving Melancthon in his time, and are there not plenty of Melancthons now? It is said Mr. Garrison retards abolition. Hear what an American newspaper (*The American Citizen*) says on this subject, in a recent number:—"It is said that the anti-slavery agitation in the North has thrown back the cause of emancipation in the South, and the South are not now prepared to hear the truth on account of this agitation. A few facts will show that the South were not better prepared to the North, than they are now. More than forty years ago, Father Gilleland established a Sabbath School in North Carolina, to teach the blacks to read the word of God. It was disbanded by the slaveholders. About thirty years since, Mr. John Rankin commenced a similar school near Lexington, Ky. which was soon broken up by an armed band of slaveholders. Some eighteen years ago, some of the members of the Strawberry Plains Church, East Tennessee, commenced instructing the coloured people to read God's word. In a few months it was broken up by slaveholders. About twenty years since a theological student, by the name of Hill, made in East Tennessee, a few anti-slavery addresses. The surrounding country became so excited that for some time he dare not go out of the institution for fear of his life. About eighteen years ago, a young minister by the name of Eagleton, preached a sermon against Slavery in East Tennessee. For this his Presbytery took away his license to preach, and refused to return it again until he pledged himself not to preach any more against Slavery. All this occurred where Slavery is found in its mildest form. Many more might be given, but these are sufficient to show that the Southern mind was no better prepared to receive the truth before the anti-slavery agitation in the North than they are now. The fact is, the South has not been so well prepared to receive the truth respecting Slavery for the last forty years as it is now. There are more decided anti-slavery men now at the South, and more is now doing for Anti-Slavery principles in the Slave States, and these principles are better received than at any other time, as might be proved by almost any amount of facts. There is nothing but the potent, nay omnipotent influence of the slave-power that prevents all creeds from uniting in the removal of Slavery. Slavery is calculated to blind more men than Dr. Cox; and if I have said anything harsh of him, it is not from any personal dislike, not that I love him less, but liberty more. It may be asked, what I have to do with Slavery, being born free? I used to think Mr. Garrison too violent, but I came at last to feel the iron enter my soul, that the reflex influence of Southern Slavery upon the coloured man at the North made his condition, if any, but a slight remove from that of the slave. If any one wishes to know what Slavery can do with a man, let them hear the true but simple statements of my worthy friend, Frederick Douglass. I am not here to defend Mr. Garrison, he can do that much better himself, but I feel it my duty to testify from experience for a portion of people in the United States, who have stood up through every peril in favour of the oppressed, and to declare that they embody the moral worth of the country, and are behind none for integrity of purpose, and for purity and uprightness of character. But it is asked, what can be done in England to aid in effecting the removal of American Slavery. I reply, simply to cease fraternizing with the clerical apologist of the slaveholder, and thus make slaveholding unfashionable. It were a pity to compromise the great principle of West India emancipation, by encouragement of American Slavery. The people of colour in the United States, beg this at the hands of the British people; if this is done a strenuous and indignant public sentiment will be aroused that will make slaveholders ashamed of slave-holding, and the prayers of 3,000,000 of people will ascend to heaven for the boon. If I have disappointed the expectations of this highly respectable audience, I beg respectfully to say it is the first time I ever addressed an audience, and what I have said was partly pencilled in the carriage on my way to this town, and partly in this Hall, and that I have not got over the excitement consequent upon the experience of the few days I have been in England, and for the first time in my life have trod the soil of a free country. I thank you, Mr. Chairman, and ladies and gentleman, for your indulgence, I shall ever remember this as the proudest moment of my life. I have expressly omitted to say anything about myself. On this subject must rest the emotions of a bosom that has felt the iron pierce to its inmost recesses.

From the Bugle.

RHODE ISLAND ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

PROVIDENCE, (R. I.) November, 1846.

Dear Friends:—We have just closed the annual meeting of the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society. It was thronged; and was one of the most enthusiastic ever held in the State.

One of the most striking incidents in the character of this society, is, that it still clings most tenaciously to organization; after having avowed itself, as converted, baptized, confirmed, even to extreme unction sacrament, to the doctrines of *no organization*, as lately advocated by our lamented friend, Nathaniel P. Rogers. This is most remarkable, inasmuch as *organization* was, in the last resort, the main point of dispute in the controversy between him and the Abolitionists of the country, during the latter years of his life.

The Rhode Island Society has all the machinery of any voluntary association in the land—and it is in active operation. The President presides—the Secretaries record—the Committees make reports—the Treasurers receive and disburse the funds—the Board of Managers manage and direct—every wheel in the machine plays to perfection.

Resolutions of eulogy and panegyric were passed on Mr. Rogers. I am glad of every remembrance of his virtues. Many virtues he had; but it seemed to me, while the society was thus all marshalled and harnessed under officers, and forms of parliament, that if Rogers could have spoken from the spirit land, he would have addressed it in the language of another—"Why call ye me master and Lord, and do not the things which I say?" To obey, is better than to burn incense.

If, in the controversy on organization, its foes are in the right, why do not their views obtain? why has not the Rhode Island Society, especially, given the world a practical demonstration of the superiour advantages of the "more excellent way?" There is not a particle less machinery, or more freedom of thought, and speech, here, than in Massachusetts. Could our departed friend Rogers deem his admirers sincere, while they were taking doxologies to his praise on their lips, and still, with their hands, were doing the very things he wore out his life in denouncing as the worst obstacles in the pathway of human freedom?

But we had a meeting not soon to be forgotten. The society professes to abjure the motto—"No union with slaveholders." Still in its action, it has long carried it out. Political action, it repudiated long ago. So too, in separating from all ecclesiastical connections, it has stood for years side by side with the American and Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies. Its testimony, therefore, is, after all, in favour of the motto.

The presence, and co-operation in discussion, of a South Carolina slaveholder, contributed much to the interest of the meeting. He was a fine specimen of the "chivalry"—a lawyer—a legislator—a planter—a politician—a slave-trader, and the owner of a hundred slaves; and, report said he had on the laurels won in six encounters on the battle-field of single combat.

I have never seen a more courteous and honourable disputant. And he was, throughout, consistent and above-board. He said he would n't mince the matter, and with mealy mouth, talk about the "*peculiar institution.*" It is *Slavery*, said he, and I call it Slavery.

And again he said, he would not, like many clergymen, talk about the *sin* of Slavery, its opposition to the Bible, and then gloss over the conduct of the slaveholder, and fellowship him as a Christian. Convince me, said he, that Slavery is a sin, or against the Bible, and I will fellowship no slaveholder as a Christian. I will emancipate my slaves, and help you overthrow the system. Or convince me, he added, that Slavery is a civil, social, or political evil, and I will do the same.

The Foreign Slave-Trade, he said, was as bad as the domestic, and no worse. If a man ought to be hung, (he added, with great force,) for trading in slaves in Africa, he ought to be, for doing the same thing in Carolina. It was a marvellous, though just confession. Had President Polk done that on the African coast, which he has long been doing in Tennessee, he would have been hung, by the laws, as a pirate. And yet his slaveholding and slave-trading, (more horrible than the African,) was all the recommendation, or real eligibility he could boast, for his office. It makes the difference of life and death, on which side of a fence, or a line without a fence, certain acts are committed. So does Slavery shape the Government. Slaveholders see it, but the Government does not.

Our Carolina friend made another avowal, to which the abettors of Slavery at the North would do well to listen. He said they were by no means particular at the South, *about the colour of their slaves.* White ones, he said, only let them be good to work, were quite as good as black. The supreme contempt that curled on his lip as he made this remark, and glanced his lightning eye down the crowded assembly, told more, infinitely, than his words. And, taken in connection with one other disclosure he made, there can be no doubt about his sincerity, and that of his friends, when they say the workingmen of the North are fit only for slaves. He said when South Carolina must submit the constitutionality of her laws to the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, she would dissolve the Union, if the decision was against her. I asked him what she would do if, the decision being in her favour, we should refuse to abide by it at the North? Then we'll dissolve the Union, was his prompt reply. So, then, said I, you stay in the Union, only on condition that you can govern, in defiance of the Constitution and the Supreme Court of the United States? Exactly so, said he, in whatever pertains to Slavery. Very well, said I; now let the people profit by the confession.

But this letter is too long. It was at a late hour, you may depend, when the discussion closed. The interest was immense. Only two clergymen came to the rescue of Slavery, and of these, I know the slaveholder was ashamed.

Yours, truly,
PARKER PILLSBURY.

From the Granite Freeman.

GEORGE BARSTOW, ESQ.

This gentleman, with whose treatment by the late disgraceful riot, called the Mass Convention, the people of the State are somewhat familiar, addressed the people of Concord, on Friday evening last, in defence of the principles advanced in the resolutions offered by him in that Convention.

A large audience collected in the Old North, sufficient to have crowded any other house in town. Mr. Barstow was introduced to the meeting by ASA FOWLER, Esq. (never before suspected of *Federalism*, we believe,) who briefly recounted the events which led him to unite with several of his brethren of the Democratic party in inviting Mr. Barstow to address the people on this occasion.

For a brief sketch of Mr. Barstow's able and successful effort we shall lay ourselves under obligations to the editor of the Independent Democrat, by using his report.

"Mr. Barstow, on rising, was greeted with hearty and prolonged cheers. After which, he proceeded, in a speech of about two hours, to the discussion of those great questions so nearly affecting the interests and liberties of our country at the present time. He alluded first to the Mass Convention, and the manner in which he had been gagged down, and a right, in a free Government, sacred, almost beyond all rights, had been crucified and slain. He spoke in tones of scorching severity of petty dictators, "distinguished" or otherwise, who had assumed of late to say just what should constitute Democracy, and what should be Federalism—what sentiments might be uttered in a Democratic Convention, and what must be gagged and trampled under foot. He said, the time had come when the people were determined to be free, and give utterance to their free thoughts. The time had come, when every man who loved the principles of true Democracy, and would maintain them, must stand up for the right, the edicts of a few petty tyrants to the contrary, notwithstanding. For himself, he claimed to be a Democrat. From his early youth, the principles of Democracy had been his principles. But he never had, and never would submit to have Slavery palmed off upon him for Democracy. That Democracy in which he believed, and to which he would adhere, was the Democracy of human liberty and equal rights. Human slavery was no part of his creed; and no man, however 'distinguished,' should force him to swear allegiance to it. Nor was he alone. The people, the toil-hardened sons of the free, upon our hundred Northern hills, were with him. With them, as with him, hatred to every form of tyranny, whether it bows down the body or the soul of man, was part of their very being. The men, in whose veins run the blood of the Starks, and Cilleys, and Poors, could never be slaves, or the supporters of Slavery.

"Mr. B. then commenced reading the resolutions offered by him at the 'Mass Convention,' commenting on each in a style of indignant eloquence, anything but flattering to the men who had forbid the utterance of sentiments as old as Democracy itself. At length, he came to those more vitally objectionable to the Pierces, and Hills, and Athertons—those touching Slavery. We have neither time nor the ability to do anything like justice to the arguments and eloquence with which he held the audience in wrapt attention, except when interrupted by frequent spontaneous bursts of applause, for full two hours. Suffice, that the whole effort was in the highest degree satisfactory to the friends of true Democracy, and creditable to Mr. Barstow, as one of the finest scholars and most accomplished speakers in the State. How proudly does he now stand above the grovelling tools of Southern despots, who sought to gag him down to their level? Nobly has he snapped the green withes, with which a soulless clique in this State have heretofore bound every free thought! The gag is at last broken, and the gaggers lie rolling in the dust. The friends of free thought, free speech, and independent action, may see, in this movement of Mr. Barstow and his friends new proof that the day when truth and right shall gain a full triumph, is near at hand. The free men of this State will no more be gagged. No tool of Slavery will again command the support of the people of New Hampshire. The doom of doughfacedom and Slavery was before written. The recent effort to gag and read out Mr. Barstow has sealed it. And none may break the seal."

From the Stockport (Eng.) Advertiser.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING.

On Friday evening last, a meeting was called by the friends of the American Anti-Slavery League, and held pursuant to public advertisement, in the Hall of the Lyceum, Wellington-street, in this town, for the purpose of hearing the address of Mr. H. C. Wright, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Frederic Douglass, a fugitive slave, and also of Mr. R. Smith, of London, and other gentlemen, including George Thompson, Esq., the well-known lecturer; but it afterwards turned out that Mr. Thompson was prevented from being then present, in consequence of ill-health. The meeting was very numerously and respectably attended.

Mr. Milner, a member of the Society of Friends, in this town, having been appointed chairman, to preside over the meeting, briefly explained the objects, and called upon Mr. R.

he conceived Mr. Smith's remarks would, if uncontradicted, produce a wrong and unfavourable impression upon the minds of those who had heard him, against Christianity in general and the ministers who belongod to the Evangelical Alliance in particular, many of whom he was sure were as distinguished for their piety as their talents.

Mr. Douglass was then introduced to the meeting, and was most enthusiastically received. He said he conceived there had been no impropriety committed by Mr. Smith, in using the language he had done, as he had only called things by their right names, and had followed the example of Christ himself, who, when on earth, called the Scribes and Pharisees hypocrites, and also denounced them as a generation of vipers. He then, at great length, exposed the hypocritical Christianity of America, and designated it as the climax of all misnomers, the boldest of all frauds, and the grossest of all libels; inasmuch as the religion of Christ was made to pander to the sordid evils of Slavery, its sacred sanction being pleaded for its continuance. After speaking about an hour, he concluded his excellent address, in a strain the most thrilling and absorbing; and, with great power and eloquence, exposed Slavery in all its native injustice, deformity, barbarity, and guilt.

The meeting here rose and cheered him most loudly and enthusiastically, and passed a resolution, strongly condemning the conduct of the American churches, in supporting and conniving at the sanguinary traffic, and agreed to form a local Committee, for the purpose of hastening the downfall of Slavery.

Before the meeting separated, it was announced that Mr. Douglass and George Thompson, Esq. would, if possible, pay them a visit.

From the Baltimore Saturday Visiter.

HEMMING SLAVERY IN.

The following paragraph holds a prominent editorial place in a late number of the York, Pennsylvania, Gazette:

"RUNAWAY.—In accordance with the rule adopted by us, many years since, and rigidly adhered to, we respectfully decline publishing the advertisement of Mr. J. W. W. Gordon, of Baltimore."

Dr. Gordon has recently lost three active slave-men, (brothers,) and these, we suppose, are the ones referred to. Knowing the doctor well, we feel authorized in inferring that he was a kind master, and yet we see that his slaves have, nevertheless, absconded. We name this to show how precarious this species of property is becoming in this State, and, if the people of Pennsylvania should generally prove as unwilling to aid in the arrest of fugitive slaves, as this editor, slave property must, of necessity, continue to become more and more undesirable. Seeing this, shrewd men, even such of them as have no moral scruples as to the system, are disposed to avoid the risks of Slavery. The consequence is the hemming in of the institution—the confining it, in the main, to legatees and hereditary descendants. Thus circumscribed, it must ultimately die out of this State, under the pressure of the very circumstances of its own existence.

A question here naturally presents itself. It is this: would it not be better for all concerned—slaveholders as well as non-slaveholders—to join together in urging the need of some speedy steps for the removal of a system so precarious and harassing, by some plan which would somewhat *equalize* the consequences of an event so inevitable as the end of Slavery. The proverb declares that "the wise man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself." Who is ready to join us in a primary convention—in a petition to the Legislature, to refer the question to the people—any movement, so that it is a "movement," towards doing what a sense of justice to the oppressed first, and next the highest good of the oppressor, so loudly calls upon us to do?

Were such a movement to be made, we, of course, would have our favourite, because duty-taught, views and plans to present; but of course we would have to submit to the will of the majority, should it differ from us. All we ask is that *something* be done, and we ask *this*, (whatever our enemies may have reported to the contrary,) because we believe it would be infallibly promotive of the highest good of our adopted State.

The Horrors of War.—The Louisville Journal publishes the following extract of a letter from Monterey, describing a most touching incident in the great battle.—The poor victim should have a monument erected to her memory:

CAMP MONTEREY, Oct. 7, 1846.

Hungry and cold, I crept to one corner of the fort to get in the sunshine, and at the same time to shelter myself from the bombs that were flying thick around me.—I looked out, and, some two or three hundred yards from the fort, I saw a Mexican female carrying water and food to the wounded men of both armies. I saw her lift the head of one poor fellow, give him water, and bind up his wounds; attending one or two others in the same way, she went back for more food and water. As she was returning I heard the crack of one or two guns, and she, poor good creature, fell; after a few struggles all was still—she was dead. I turned my eyes to Heaven and thought "Oh, God! and this is war!" I cannot believe but that the shot was an accidental one. The next day, passing into another fort, I passed her dead body. It was lying on its back, with the bread and broken gourd containing a few drops of water. We buried her amidst showers of grape and round shot, occasionally dodging a shell or twelve-pounder, and expecting every moment to have another grave to dig for one of ourselves. J. R. B.

From the Stockport [Eng.] Advertiser.

ANTI-SLAVERY ASSOCIATION.

We have given in another column as long a report as we conveniently could, of the proceedings of a public meeting, held at the Lyceum, in Wellington street, on Friday last, with a view to the formation of a local Auxiliary Association, in aid of the Parent Society, having for its object the downfall of Slavery as it still exists in that liberty-boasting country, the United States of North America.

In the course of the address of the Secretary of the London Association, he let fall some expressions of regret at the total want of consistency in the recent conduct of the Evangelical Alliance, as respects its admission to membership of slaveholding ministers of the Gospel, to which association several individuals belonged; an exposure which must have convinced his auditory that the conduct of the Evangelical Alliance, in its attempt to trim between Christ and Belial, was anything but "evangelical," and that any hypercautious disclaiming of British slaveholding, without including our "American brethren of the cow-skin and the whipping-post," as was attempted, savours horribly of the unrighteous mammon, and was as strongly characterized by pusillanimity, as by the absence of that genuine Christian philanthropy, which ever acts under the influence of the scriptural declaration, that "God hath made of one flesh all the families of the earth;" and the audience evidently felt, that the temporizing policy of the Evangelical Alliance upon this point, was unworthy the character and position assumed by it, and equally so the present enlightened period of British history and policy, and of that uncompromising opinion upon Slavery, expressed by the British public in their annihilation of it forever among themselves, at so vast a cost as twenty millions sterling.

Mr. F. Douglass, the distinguished advocate of negro emancipation, whose appearance on the platform was hailed with very marked expressions of delight, on the part of the audience, himself having been born into Slavery of a slave negress in America, and having suffered, through infancy and youth up to manhood, all the accumulative ills of the life of a slave, until his escape from the bondage of the "land of liberty," was also a speaker on the occasion. In him is combined our admiration of a man, whose mind exhibits one of the noblest specimens of self-culture, and of the successful pursuit of knowledge under difficulties which the world has never seen. In intellect, Mr. D. possesses whatever can adorn or accomplish him for the task he has undertaken, of awakening civilized Europe to sympathy with the suffering descendants of Ethiopia. As a public speaker, his reasonings are varied as the detail and features of his interesting and impressive subject, and his elocution is at times as fervid and sublime as that of our best orators. Mr. Douglass's figure is tall and commanding; his action natural and wholly unaffected. He is seriously in earnest, feeling all he says, and saying all he feels, in choice yet easy-to-be-understood tones, saving a few Americanisms. His articulation is that of a well-bred Englishman, and remarkably free from the American *whine*. In general powers of elocution, in occasional sarcasm, and in declamation, he reminds the hearer of Mr. George Thompson and Mr. Busfield Ferrend. In pathos and calm appeals to the Christian feelings and natural affections of his hearers, he surpasses either of those gentlemen. His character is that of a piously-disposed cheerful man; a universal philanthropist and a Christian philosopher; his writings evince a thorough insight into the springs of human actions, and the rationale of wrong, if we may use such a phrase.

If, at times, he gives vent to his feelings in sterner and harsher language, when depicting the injuries done to his fellow-men, when inveighing against the tyrant—who, in violation of all right, of religion, of humanity and justice, of private and political consistency, hold them forcibly in the cruellest bondage—it is to be borne in mind that he feels upon the subject as we can never feel, and that the invectives of a highly-cultivated and sensitive mind, when calling to recollection those harrowing and thrilling atrocities which we can never realize to ourselves are not to be measured by any standard which we can have in this happy land of equal rights and ample liberty; nor must it be forgot, that in attacking with withering sarcasm the religion of America, the invective is not against *true* Christianity, but against the rankest and most bare-faced hypocrisy, the veriest cant, and the grossest libels upon real religion, that ever disgraced and disfigured a community.

We have merely, on the present occasion, to add, that the meeting (which was marked by an amount of interest and attention, which reflected great credit upon our town,) passed resolutions expressive of Englishmen's opinion upon American ideas of justice and liberty, which we trust, will not be without its effect, when reported on the other side of the Atlantic—where we know that English opinion is estimated at a higher rate than any other.

Communications.

Letter from Niagara County, N. Y.

SOMERSET CORNERS, Dec. 3d, 1846.

FRIEND GAY:—I know not how I can convey information, which must be interesting to every friend of the cause, of the progress of Anti-Slavery principles in this section of the State better than by giving a brief sketch of my own movements for the past two or three weeks. Nearly three weeks since, I left Lockport, having held two small meetings there, but the weather being unfavourable, and other circumstances, against much success, on Sunday morning I walked three miles through a drenching rain, to a Wesleyan meeting-house; found friends in the vicinity, and found too that those who met there for worship, unlike the occupants of most of the churches, so truly appreciated the sacredness of the cause of crushed humanity, that they did not fear the Sabbath would be violated by a meeting held in behalf of the slave. Accordingly, at three o'clock in the afternoon, I had a very good meeting, and another the next evening. Most of the professed Abolitionists were of the Liberty party, and the idea that Slavery could be abolished by a political party, acting under a pro-slavery Government, tended powerfully to blind their eyes in regard to the iniquity of voluntarily supporting the American Union. Yet by a train of argument, and a succession of queries, I obtained from them hearty responses to my views in the affirmative, until at last they were brought upon disunion ground. I then told them they stood with such men as Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, if they would but *act* up to their honest sentiments, and asked them if they would support by their actions, and could respond in their hearts, to the resolution passed in New-York, by Alvan Stewart, James G. Birney, and others, some months since: "The Union, Texas in or Texas out, Slavery in or Slavery out, the *glorious Union* forever." The ready response was, we care not with whom we stand, and though such may be the sentiments of Stewart and Birney, in regard to the Union, they are not ours. These men doubtless may act, for a time, as they have heretofore done as supporters of the Liberty party, but it is something to get a response in favour of our views such as I have spoken of. Tuesday and Wednesday evenings I held meetings in Gosport, a little village on the canal, and found a ready response in the minds of some (to whom too the idea was new) to the motto of, "*No union with slaveholders.*" Friday and Saturday evenings I addressed a gathering of people in a schoolhouse, a few miles south of Gosport, and found a most earnest desire to hear the most bold exposures of the iniquity of the present position of the nation, as the supporter of Slavery's war of propagandism. On Monday evening I held a meeting at Johnson's Creek, a pleasant village on the Great Ridge road, the natural turnpike, once doubtless at some remote period of time, far beyond even the most ancient tradition, the shore of the Lake. But few attended, and being disappointed the next evening in a place for meeting, I went to a Methodist meeting, three miles distant, toward the Lake shore, on Wednesday, through driving snow, and facing the keen strong blast of the raging storm, the severity of which prevented the people from coming together. Thursday a few gathered, though the cold was severe, and the wind blew with fearful violence. As the church could not be kept warm, we adjourned to a log cabin near by, and talked for an hour or more, rather as a circle of friends than as a public assemblage. I read from Bigelow's "verses on the "Crultin' Sergeant," from the Anti-Slavery almanac. The keen Yankee shrewdness and sterling sense so well combined by the writer, *take* wonderfully, and quaint and odd as the style is, they waken in every one's mind a strong sense of the horrible iniquity of the war, as well as a quick appreciation, which shows itself in peals of laughter, of the hollow-hearted character of the patriotism of "them editor's that's crowin', like a cockeral three months old." The whole "string of varses" is just suited for the page of the almanac, and the almanac itself is full of excellent matter, especially the articles on "Disunion," and the Church. It will do much good. Friday and Saturday evenings I talked to good audiences, gathered in a schoolhouse, in a comparatively newly settled district, three miles Southwest of this place; the people, many of them yet occupy the same log cabins they resided in, in the midst of the almost unbroken wilderness, and the simplicity of manners and plain style of living, always found among the settlers in a new country, yet prevail; the kind, cordial hospitality, the open frankness, and candid independence of the energetic pioneer population, are yet prominent. Such minds are prepared to give Anti-Slavery a fair hearing, and those who were present were apparently much interested. Sunday evening held a meeting in the Baptist meeting-house in this place. The audience was not large, on account of the badness of the travelling, but an almost unanimous vote was given for another meeting, which I hold to-night. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday (yesterday) evenings, held meetings in different places in the vicinity, not large, as the travelling just now is very bad, and the population scattered. In the course of my lecturing tour for the last two or three months, principally in Orleans and Niagara counties, I have noticed a great and growing change in the minds of the people, in regard to the question of Disunion, from the feelings manifested two years since in Western New-York. The presentation of the views of the old organization is almost entirely new; of course, but few are as yet prepared to come out and *act* fully up to our standard, but the uncompromising exposure of the iniquities of the Government, and the fact that the people of the North are the guilty supporters of Slavery, the servile tools of the slaveholding oligarchy, is listened to with earnest attention, and stirs up feelings of honest indignation. The sacredness of the American Union is fast becoming a *mere shadow* in many minds. After the close of one of the meetings, but a few days since, I listened for a few moments to the earnest conversation of three men who said that the truth had been spoken and the *true remedy proposed*. In conversation a few days since with a substantial farmer, who knew nothing of my views, he said frankly, and without the opinion being called for, that he had long thought the best course was for the North and South to divide, and let them take care of their own slaves, "because," said he, "so soon as that is done *Slavery must go down.*" These things are signs of promise, encouraging tokens. I know a mighty work is yet to be done, but the progress of the movement is *onward*, and when *the people* are right, when the conscience of the land is awakened, and prepared to appreciate the sacredness of the cause, and the guilt of the voluntary supporters of Slavery, it will be vain for those "whose hearts are dungeoned up with interest and ease," to refuse to obey their mandates. But my sheet is full and I must close. The wind is howling fiercely without, and as one passes along the street the heavy roar of the surf on the lake shore, at the distance of two miles or more, is distinctly to be heard.

Rochester, December 9th—My last meeting at Somerset was small, the influence of the pro-slavery clergy kept the poor deluded people away. It may be just to say, that in the region through which I have travelled many members of the Liberty party are taking the right view in regard to their connection with pro-slavery churches. The influence of Wm. Goodell is favourable in this respect; not that it is *generally* the case that Liberty party men are right on the church question, but a larger proportion than elsewhere, and as an inevitable consequence, such are far more zealous and alive to the cause.

A few weeks since a Liberty party minister, who professes to be a true Abolitionist, but is a member of the clergyman in the Presbyterian church, made an effort in a meeting held in his church on Sunday evening to defend his position as staying in the church to effect reform by allowing its iniquities, but saying that if it did not succeed remove them was to keep up Christian fellowship with the wicked doers. He expressed a willingness for a friend of mine to discuss the question fully in a meeting called for that purpose, but on my calling on him to make the arrangement, he said he had doubts whether the movement *would be useful*, and so it ended. In another instance, a Protestant Methodist clergyman, a professed Anti-Slavery man in the Anti-Slavery meetings, but an apologizer for slaveholders elsewhere, made some few remarks to defend the church to which he belongs, as Anti-Slavery, though he seemed unwilling to say much. I exposed his position, and at last made him admit that in his estimation James K. Polk was a good Christian, and as a proof, he had family worship. A good audience were unanimously satisfied with the iniquity of his position and the dangerous character of such teachings.

Your friend, G. B. STEBBINS.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 24, 1846.

The Message.

We meant to have said more upon this document last week than we did, and were only prevented from doing so for want of room. It is some what late to do so now, and indeed is not perhaps necessary at any time. Our readers, if they have watched our columns closely, need not be fortified with arguments to guard them against Mr. Polk's specious sophistry. Those who have read carefully Mr. Child's recent articles on the Annexation of Texas, are entirely competent to demolish all that Mr. Polk has advanced, or can advance, in support of the war. We will, however, call the attention of those not perfectly familiar with the subject, to one or two points.

The only justification Mr. Polk pretends to make for the war is, that certain wrongs have been received from Mexico by the United States, and for a long time borne peacefully and without a murmur. Now, what are those injuries? Certain citizens in the pursuit of gain, chose to expose themselves to the danger which foreigners as well as natives must always run in a country torn as Mexico has been for years past with internal dissensions. They did this with their eyes open, and in many cases suffered that loss and injury upon which no doubt they had calculated, and chose to run the risk for the sake also of the chance on the other hand of great gain. For the wrong thus committed by Mexico we have no defence to make. But if we look carefully at Mr. Polk's message, we see that even he dare not deny that Mexico has from time to time shown a disposition to make, and has actually made, every reparation in her power to these suffering citizens of the United States. There was delay in doing this, it is true, but this delay occurred in the Board of Commissioners in which both Governments were represented. The fact at any rate remains that Mexico finally agreed to make indemnification for the injuries which she had inflicted. She actually paid certain instalments on the amount agreed upon between the parties as such indemnification; and she only failed in her payments when war broke out between the two countries. For, the instalments which are in dispute, and which Mr. Polk says were not paid, but which, have nevertheless, been assumed *as paid* by his Government, there is good reason to believe have been actually received by the proper agent of the United States in Mexico, and lost by him in some gambling transaction by which he hoped to turn a penny on his own account with the Government funds!

But suppose the Government of Mexico had failed to pay this debt to citizens of the United States, is that good cause for [illegible] when coming from this Government, if we remember that the very Congress now in session has refused, as has been done by, we don't know how many Congresses before it, to pay to its own citizens claims due for more than a quarter of a century. The audacious impudence of the President of a country of some repudiating States, who can give such a reason for invading the territory of a neighbour, approaches almost to sublimity.

Mr. Polk's reasons, then, for carrying on this war are absolutely good for nothing, for they are based upon facts which do not exist; and even if they did exist, when given in justification of the United States they only make the war the more iniquitious and the more disgraceful, because whatever degree of wrong is offered in plea, the United States herself is ten fold more guilty of the same wrong towards her own citizens, and some of her States towards the citizens of other Governments. If Mexico has done anything which justifies this country in assuming a hostile attitude towards her, then this country has done enough to justify a combination of all the civilized nations of the globe for the sole purpose of subjugating her people, and striking her very name from the roll of independent sovereigaties. If the United States may murder the innocent people of Mexico, sack their cities, burn their villages, and spread devastation throughout their country, and all this upon the plea that in some of the violent changes in her Government one or more of her usurpers had helped themselves to the full coffers of some trading Yankees, then what vengeance should fall upon those of the United States who have deliberately pocketed millions of the money of foreigners upon the faith of the State Government, and then coolly told those creditors that they did not choose to pay the debt? One reason is as good as another for Mr. Polk for this war; he might at least have chosen one every syllable of which is a less keen sarcasm upon those States which elected him to office.

But look at it another way. The United States, says Mr. Polk, has suffered all manner of wrong and insult from Mexico, which she has borne with the meekness and the forgiving spirit which always characterizes this free and enlightened people. Mexico, however, at length makes reparation for all this, and then the United States makes war upon her for injuries which were quietly borne and forgiven during the infliction. Can we think of any thing here but the old fable of the wolf and lamb? For, says the President, Mexico all the while has been adding new wrongs to the already overflowing measure. What are they? He fails to enter into details, and satisfies himself, and doubtless hopes to satisfy his readers, with general charges, for the best of reasons,—he has no details to bring forward. He comes at last, however, to a charge positive and distinct enough. "Mexico herself became the aggressor by invading our soil in hostile array, and shedding the blood of our citizens."

The American army marched to the Rio Grande, and the Mexicans endeavoured to repulse them. They were on Mexican soil, and were met as invaders. But the Rio Grande is claimed by Mr. Polk as the Western boundary of Texas, and the district of country between it and the Nueces, as belonging to the United States. It became, he says, a part of this country, by the annexation of Texas. But, unfortunately for this position, the very act of Annexation itself provides for "the adjustment by this Government of all questions of boundary that may arise with other Governments." This Western boundary of Texas is here plainly referred to, for no other was in dispute. Moreover, if the jurisdiction of any Government in the world over any portion of its territory, is settled, and certain, then is that of Mexico over the valley of the Rio Grande. Texas had never exercised any jurisdiction over any portion of that country, had never served a writ, or collected a dollar of tribute from its inhabitants, nor had they ever shown any desire to owe allegiance to any other Government than that of Mexico. East of the Rio Grande are the towns and cities of Taos, Santa Cruz, Santa Fé, (the capital of New Mexico,) San Miguel, San Domingo, Albuquerque, Torreon, Tetillas, Tajiqua, Nutreas, Tabira, Valverde, Fra Cristobal, Old Presidio, Dolores, Laredo, and Point Isabel, stretching the whole length of the river, from its source to the Gulf. The most bold defender of the war would never dare pretend that by the Annexation of Texas these became [illegible] of the United States. Mr. Polk has never dared to assert that the Mexican Government was a usurping Government, and that it must yield to the United States, in all these places. Yielding even for the sake of argument, the utmost that can be, and infinitely more than is true, that the United States had a claim beyond the Nueces, and we are only then granting that it is disputed territory. "If one party then sends an army to the very verge of that territory, has not the other a right to meet them on the boundary, and warn them to desist from such an invasion? And is it not the grossest insult to the common sense of the people to charge the party that is thus compelled to choose between defence of their soil, and submission to their enemy, with "invading our soil in hostile array, and shedding the blood of our citizens"? Could anything be more preposterous, if it were not too atrociously wicked to be thus designated?

One other evidence adduced by Mr. Polk, in proof that Texas extended to the Rio Grande, deserves to be noticed. It is that Santa Anna had recognized such a boundary when a prisoner of war. But what if he did? Is there no appeal from the decision of Santa Anna? Is he Mexico? He was not at that time even her President. He only, however, stipulated as Commander-in Chief of the Mexican forces, that they should retire beyond the Rio Grande, and this surely settles no question of boundary, however much authority may be assigned to Santa Anna. Moreover, one of the articles provided that this whole arrangement should be submitted to the respective Governments of Texas and Mexico, *and the latter rejected it.* This is answer enough to Mr. Polk's assertion, that the Rio Grande has been the acknowledged boundary. The Texan Congress afterward passed an act, declaring it to be so, but it is not worth while to waste time in showing that to call a tail a leg, as the story goes, does not make it so.

Yet regardless of truth, destitute of principle, and contemptible as a State paper, as this message is, it will be believed by thousands. Nevertheless, we have faith that our country is not doomed by the inevitable law of eternal justice to be utterly lost. Its success under its Government, as now constituted, and in the career which it has chosen, and must follow with the element of Slavery its movement power, must be, in the end, its ruin. We should not believe in the justice of the decrees of the Almighty, and should be blind to the lesson which all history teaches us, if we believed otherwise. We yet hope that a republic will grow up on this continent and endure a monument of good to the coming ages; but its foundation-stones must be gathered out of the ruins of the Union that now exists.

Book Notices.

We shall not, we trust, be deemed immodest in saying to booksellers and publishers that they will find it much to their advantage to have notices of their books appear in our columns. We make no pretensions to an immense circulation, for though ours amounts to some thousands, and is rather increasing than diminishing, it yet falls far short of such papers as the *Sun* and *Tribune*. There is this, however, in our favour—our readers are of the most intelligent class of people, and the larger proportion of them are of the class called literary. *They are readers and buyers of books*, and these, we take it, are the people who are of consequence to the booksellers. In the country towns many of them are those who form Reading Societies, and are committees for purchasing books for Social Libraries. Notices of new publications therefore in the *Standard* reach probably as many persons to whom they are of interest and value, both for themselves and the publishers, as if its circulation were wider, and embraced more of the class of readers who take daily papers.

We wish to have book notices in our paper to increase its value for our readers, and of course we shall not deny that we shall be glad of the books on our own account. On the other hand, the booksellers, for this advantage to us, will receive a fair compensation in the sale of their publications. If we did not honestly believe this to be true we would not say so. If our circulation were but a few hundreds, or were among that portion of the people who do not care for books, we would not say a word that would bring us one. But precisely the reverse is the case, and we trust it will be for the benefit of all parties to say so.

We are not sure, however, that it will do any good. Booksellers, like other people, are afraid of, and do not love Abolitionists. They are rather doubtful, some of them, whether Abolitionists, as a class, know how to read and write. That this is a mistake we would take the trouble to convince them without the hope of even a pictorial alphabet in return. We do not know, however, how we can remove their fears. For our own part we have not the slightest doubt that there may be notices of their publications in Anti-Slavery papers without in any sense hazarding their popularity. We do not hear that the few persons who occasionally send us a book have been the losers thereby. We trust that others, and that they more frequently, will run the risk, and we think it will be for the mutual benefit of the public and themselves.

Stephen S. and A. K. Foster.

A friend, writing from Upton, says of these two faithful advocates of the slaves' cause:

"S. S. and A. K. Foster have been here, and have held three meetings, on separate evenings, and the result is astonishing. A complete torpor pervaded the entire community in regard to Slavery, previous to their coming. Their labours have awakened the *people*, who are now in a state of high excitement in relation to this question. Two *very large* meetings have been held for free discussion, and they are to be continued every Sabbath evening during the winter. New views of duty have been developed, the Constitution begins to be seen "as it is," the Abolitionist's pathway has been more clearly defined, truth is elevating herself upon the prostrate forms of error, and "a good time is coming" for Upton. All thanks to Stephen S. Foster and wife for their timely visit."

WILLIAM GOODELL.—We learn from the last *Liberator*, that Mr. Goodell is publishing, in a paper called the *Albany Patriot*—which was once a Liberty party paper, but is now, we believe, Loco-Foco—a series of articles, in reply to Mr. Phillips's review, in the *Standard*, of his pamphlet on the Constitution. Mr. Goodell evidently thinks that those who know nothing of that to which he is replying, are his most fit audience. We commend his prudence. Our readers who are familiar with Mr. Phillips's articles, must judge for themselves, what Mr. Goodell's answer probably is, and he certainly cannot complain if they put his own estimate upon it, and believe it is not worth reading. The *Albany Patriot* is a paper that does not exchange with us. Indeed, we have not been able to borrow a copy anywhere in this city, among our contemporaries, and therefore, like our readers, must take for granted that the modest estimate which Mr. Goodell puts upon his own labours is the correct one.

THE ENFRANCHISEMENT OF WOMEN.—On the fourth page of this week's paper will be found some extracts from an excellent discourse on the Rights of Women, preached by Mr. May, to his society, in Syracuse. He will accept our thanks for the copy he sent us.

DR. COX AND FREDERICK DOUGLASS.—We have republished, in pamphlet form, the recent correspondence between the Doctor of Divinity and the Fugitive Slave. Both letters have appeared in the *Standard*, and their respective qualities are so well known to our readers, that they need no comment from us. The demand for the paper containing Douglass's letter was much greater than we could supply, and it was thought best to place the two letters side by side, and put them in circulation together. The number published, however, is limited, and those who otherwise, will do well not to delay in sending in their orders. Agents should supply themselves immediately. We trust there will not be any left in the office at the end of the week. Our friends should buy them to give away. It is a good tract. They are put at the low price of three cents a-piece, or twenty-five cents a dozen.

"AID AND COMFORT."—The Whig papers are making a great ado because the President quoted in his message the above words from the clause of the Constitution defining treason, when referring to those opposed to the Mexican war. If Mr. Polk finds them so easily frightened, he may be seriously coupled to declare it treason to differ from the opinions which he chooses to establish by his sovereign will and power.

☞ We regret to learn that the house of Andrew Robeson, Jr. of Fall River, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday morning of last week.

AGENTS will oblige us, and save some mistakes, if they will remember to use something more than ordinary care in writing names. Some of the agents are patterns in this respect, and if there be any mistakes in the names they send, they may charge them without hesitation to this office. But there are others who seem to think that if they write what looks like a name to them, it matters little what we make of it. We assure some of these persons that we are sometimes as much puzzled to make out the names they send us as if they wrote in Sanscrit or Chinese.

PUBLICATIONS.—We have on sale at our office the following new books:

"Papers on the Slave Power," by John G. Palfrey, an octavo pamphlet of 92 pages; price 12 1-2 cents.

Memoir of Charles T. Torrey, muslin, 364 pages, $1.00

Home, or the Pilgrim faith revived, by the same; 50

Narrative of Lewis and Milton Clarke, paper; 25

Also, TICKETS for membership of the ANTI-SLAVERY LEAGUE, 25 cents.

The Emancipator's Abolitionists.

We copied not long since, some articles from the *Norfolk County American*, and took the opportunity to pay a deserved tribute to the excellence of that paper. The *Emancipator* takes exception to the compliment and believes that the editor's "lauding the high birth of the Abolitionists" was the occasion of it. The amount of what he said, was simply that Abolitionists were from the better class of people in Massachusetts—a remark in which we most heartily concur. We have been, as a lecturer, into a good many towns in Massachusetts, and we have rarely entered one where we did not find that the best educated and the best informed in it were Abolitionists.

The Emancipator's kind of Abolitionists, we have always believed, but are glad to have its own word for it, are neither "well-bred, well-educated, nor well-informed." We care little whether they are "well born" or not, but we should like to know why some of them were born at all.

THE FAIRS.—We learn that our friends in Philadelphia had last week, a most successful time with their Fairs. The gross receipts, it is said amount to almost $1,500, which is several hundreds more than they have ever taken before. This is hopeful. The Rochester and Boston Fairs are held this week, and the latter, we presume, will as usual continue into next. We learn from the British Friend that a box has been sent by the women of Scotland to the Boston Bazaar, the value of which is estimated at £500—about $2,500.

☞ Cannot our friends of the Pennsylvania Freeman afford us more than a single number of their paper. We like to put a number on file, and there are at least two persons beside ourselves, here, who are entitled to see it.

ADDRESS

Of the Women of Edinburgh to the Women of the United States of America.

We find the following address in a number of the British Friend, received by the last steamer:

We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers this admirable address. It has, we learn, received ten thousand three hundred and thirty-seven signatures. Had the time not been so limited, there is no doubt but that thousands more would have made the address speak for them also. We commend to our female Anti-Slavery friends, *everywhere*, the praiseworthy example of the women of Scotia's capital.

DEAR SISTERS.—We feel compelled to address you at this time, in the language of Christian love, on behalf of three millions of our and your fellow-beings—brethren and sisters—held in unrighteous bondage in your country.

We appeal to you by your love for that country,—whose *Constitution* is defaced by the foul blot of Slavery;—whose standard of *morality* is lowered among the nations by cherishing such a system of impurity;—whose *Christianity* is prostrated to cover the heinousness of a sin in direct opposition to the Law of God, "Love thy neighbour as thyself," and the express injunction of Jesus Christ, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." Will you suffer this upas tree longer to overshadow and blight the soil of your country? will you not unite in tearing it up, root and branch, that the sunshine of truth and justice may fertilize and beautify your plains?

We appeal to you by our common humanity—by that command which enjoins us to "remember those in bonds, as bound with them." Remember that wives are torn from their husbands, at any moment, by the word of a task-master—that brothers and sisters know not the sweet intercourse of family ties—that mothers must, in wringing anguish of heart, behold their precious little ones exposed upon the auction block, and sold into perpetual slavery, where they must suffer all the horrors of the system, without a mother's voice to soothe, without a mother's eye to pity. Remember them "*as bound with them*,"—believe yourselves in their place,—behold *your* husbands torn from your arms,—*your* brothers and sisters sold into far distant localities, never more to meet on earth,—*your* aged parents left to pine for want, when they are no longer of use to those who claimed them in ownership,—*your* precious babes seized upon by others as their property,—and *your* feelings outraged without a thought,—then feel the chain on your limbs, the lash applied to *your* quivering flesh, and, more torturing still, that you see these cruelties and many more inflicted on your nearest and dearest ones, without power to interpose, without power to alleviate, without power to appeal. Oh! realize all this, and then you will "remember those that are in bonds, as bound with them;" and when thus you behold your brother lie "bruised and bleeding," then, oh! do not, like the priest and the Levite, "pass by on the other side!"

We appeal to you by our common Christianity. America proclaims to the world that she is a highly *Christian* country, that she is foremost in the spread of the Bible, in the cause of missions, and in promoting revivals at home. But does she never think of the *three millions of immortal* beings in her midst, doomed by her to pagan darkness! Where are the Bibles found among her slave population? Are *they* taught to read that Book which proclaims "liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound?" Are there not laws which decree *death* for the second offence of teaching a slave to read? Would missionaries be suffered to preach the unfettered Gospel? If they did, would not their lives pay the forfeit of their faithfulness? Can this be consistent with Christianity?—consistent with the command of Jesus, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to *every creature*?" Women of America, lift your voices, use your influence against this perversion of the laws of God!

We know that it is said that Christianity prevails among the slave States,—that the slaveholders are Christian men, and *Christian women*—(for we are not ignorant of the painful fact that some of our own sex are in this sad position of sin)—but we maintain that to be a *spurious* Christianity which authorizes the stealing of men, women, and children, the herding of them together like brutes, and the withholding from them that volume which (through faith in Christ Jesus) is declared "able to make wise unto salvation." May not such Christianity be classed with that of the Scribes and Pharisees, who were denounced by the Saviour as those "who bind heavy burdens, grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders, but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers; "who shut up the kingdom of heaven against men, who devour widows' houses, and, for a pretence, make long prayers?"

We deeply grieve that any professing Christian of our land should give the right hand of fellowship to [illegible] a system, by its upholders, by assisting to throw the mantle of Christianity over the iniquity of Slavery, and, in so doing riveting the fetters on the limbs of the injured and under the cries of his distress. Let us unite in every effort to withdraw the veil, to expose the horrors underneath, and to proclaim the right throughout our land and yours; if we are members of churches whose teachers attempt to screen Slavery,—if their prayers make mention of the slaveholder, forgetting the slave; if our fellow-members join in these acts,—then let us lift our voices for the oppressed, let us protest against such unchristian distinctions, and, should our remonstrances prove unavailing, then let us obey the command, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate." Sisters, will you unite with us in bearing this testimony to the honour of Christianity and the cause of humanity?

We address ourselves to the women of America; and, oh! that our entreaties might penetrate into the Southern States, and reach the heart of those of our sex who "use their neighbour's services without wages, and give him not for his work!" "Behold, the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." Therefore, we implore you, "Give unto your servants that which is *just* and *equal*." "Wash you, make you clean: put away the evil of your doing from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well." Then "Trust in the Lord and do good. So shall you dwell in the land, and verily you shall be fed."

We address ourselves to the women of America; but we do not forget that a million and a half of our sisters in that land cannot hear our voice; our sympathy cannot reach them; they are dumb, they cannot respond to our words; but we know that there is among you a noble band of women, who are the "self-consecrated priestesses in the temple of humanity,"—whose cause is the cause of their sisters in bonds, who are mouths for the dumb, who, with untiring, self-sacrificing zeal, pursue their course, esteeming trials and sufferings light, that they may aid in the glorious work of "opening the blind eyes, bringing out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison-house." For these beloved sisters our hearts glow with affectionate sympathy, they are bearing the burden and heat of the day, and we would sustain them by all the means in our power. We pray that they may be preserved in their glorious course by an Almighty Arm, and strengthened in their labours and trials by the approval of their own hearts, and "the blessings of those who are ready to perish."

We are cheered from time to time by the presence among us of some of the true-hearted from your land. "As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend," and these visits have strengthened our hands, they have encouraged our feeble efforts, and have stimulated us to use our influence on this side of the Atlantic, and to send to the other, as occasion may demand, our prayers, our entreaties, our expostulations, or our sympathies.

In conclusion, women of America! dear sisters! shall Slavery continue? It is for you to make answer. Yours is an influence not to be resisted,—will you not exert it on the side of justice and humanity? In the domestic circle your sway is unbounded; it is yours to lead, by mild persuasion, the judgment of a husband, a brother, or a father; it is yours pre-eminently to instil into the opening mind of the child the principles of love and truth; it is for you to sow the seed; let it be good seed, that it may bring forth good fruit, to the service of man and the praise of God. Neglect not your influence on the society in which you mingle,—neglect it not in the churches of which you are members,—ever bear about with you the remembrance of the bleeding slave, ever recollect the language of the prophet: "Is not this the fasts that I have chosen; to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh? then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily; and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy rereward. Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, here I am. If thou take away from the midst of thee the yoke, the putting forth of the finger, and speaking vanity; and if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from London.

Public Meetings in England—Progress of the Cause.

MY DEAR SIR:—Since I last had this pleasure I have been fully occupied in holding public meetings throughout Lancashire, in conjunction with Frederick Douglass. The result of these meetings is most satisfactory. They are usually crowded, and the interest is deep and sustained. The people are beginning to feel that they are under obligation to sympathize in questions affecting man, whether the special object claiming their attention be of the same nation and hue, or of another clime and of a darker complexion. They are taught by this movement that true Christianity overleaps all national and conventional barriers, and seeks recipients of its good in men of every kindred, language, and clime.

We have held meetings in Rochdale, Stockport, Bury, Oldham, Warington, Bolton, Manchester, and other places, since the departure of Mr. Garrison. We cannot keep pace with our invitations, such is the anxiety of the people here to be enlightened on this important subject. The addresses of Mr

ble objects of attention and motives of action is naturally happy." The book is a very neat one, and well calculated to do good.—B.

Walton's Lives. Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson. With a life of the Author, by Zouch. New-York: Wiley & Putnam: 1846.

To commend a book like this, would be sheer impertinence, but if there be any of our readers who are unacquainted with its merits, let us recommend them to read it as a literary refreshment, particularly the life of that quaint old Ambassador, Sir Henry Wotton, who should be a model for Ambassadors in all time to come.—B.

A Progressive German Reader, adapted to the American edition of Ollendorff's German Grammar. By G. J. Adler, A. M. Appleton & Co.: New-York: 1847.

The Useful Arts considered in connection with the application of Science: With numerous engravings. 2 Vols. Harper & Brothers: 1847.

An excellent work for schoolboys, mechanics, or for farmers' libraries.—B.

Immortality: A Poem, in 10 Cantos. By Rev. Phineas Robinson, A. M. of Washingtonville, Orange Co. N. Y. Leavitt Trow & Co.: 1846.

The author of this poem is to be envied for his simplicity of character. He must be another Parson Adams, to have such unbounded faith in the goodness of the world as to think that it could be induced to peruse a poem, written in the Spencerian stanzas, on the Resurrection of Christ, at least three times as long as Paradise Lost. We think that we may, without reading it, pronounce that a poem of such dimensions cannot be all poetry.—B.

Holyday Books.—Wiley & Putnam have published a list of most charming little books for holyday presents, prettily ornamented with steel and wood engravings, and all containing profitable and pleasant matter for children of all growths. Among them are

Hans Christian Anderson's wonderful stories, translated by Mary Howitt, from the Danish; 1st and 2d series. Gammer Gurtur's, pleasant stories and ballads, newly revised by Ambrose Merton, Gent.

Morals of Manners, or Hints for Young People, by Miss Sedgwick.

Glimpses of the Wonderful, full of beautiful pictures.

My own Treasury, a gift book for boys and girls, edited by Mark Merriwell, containing one hundred engravings, and very fine ones too. A perfect beauty of a book.

Messrs. Harper have published a finely illustrated edition of Robinson Crusoe, which still holds its place asthe first of books for half-grown boys.—B.

The Emigrant. By Sir Francis B. Head, Bart. Harper & Brothers, Cliff street: 1847.

Sir Francis Bond Head is one of the most agreeable of the chatty school of English authors. The school itself is not a very profound one, but it is numerous and popular, and he may claim the honour of being one of its founders. He belongs to the same class of which Basil Hall and William Howitt are good examples, and of which James Grant is an exaggeration. The Emigrant is partly made up of Canadian sketches, and partly of political essays; he quaintly says, "As the common crow is made up of a small lump of carrion and a few handfuls of feathers, so is this volume composed of Political History, buoyed up by a few light sketches, solely written to make a dull subject fly." The first chapter is a philosophical investigation of the causes of the excessive coldness of our winters, and the conclusions at which he arrives are very encouraging for the comfort of the next generation.—B.

Flowers for Children. By L. Maria Child. C. S. Francis & Co. 252, Broadway. J. H. Francis, 128, Washington street, Boston.

This is the third of the books with the above title, which have come to us as an annual for children, and a captivating little book it is. There are no stories so good for young people, as those of Mrs. Child's. The first in this volume, "Making Something," would be read with pleasure by everybody, and there are some children a good way past their "teens" who might profit by it. It is full of liveliness and interest, and though no moral is tacked to the end of it, full of morality, which everybody will apply to his own case, for there is enough of it to suit a great many. There are other tales, both in prose and verse, some of them of no less value, and altogether they make a book which our young friends may thank St. Nicholas for with all their hearts, should they find it in their stockings on Christmas morning.

Graham's Magazine.—We are indebted to Wm. H. Graham, Tribune Buildings, for the January number of this popular magazine. As a holyday present to his subscribers, the editor gives this month, a double number. Fashionable light literature is no favourite with us, but those with whom it is, had better take Graham. This number, however, contains some things above the common run of the magazines. Among them is a poem by Bryant, and three parts of a novel, to be continued, by Cooper.

THE YOUTH'S CABINET, *edited by Rev. Francis C. Woodworth.*—The first number of the second volume of this magazine for children is on our table. It is made up of most excellent original and selected matter, and is adorned with wood cuts of more than common merit, and a pretty steel vignette upon the title page. The price is only $1 per annum.

To Correspondents.

A. K. F. Has she received a letter sent two or three weeks since to Milford? Her last was in good season. Who would have predicted such a result to that visit? But it is n't what is thought of the individuals referred to that is the important question, but is there grace to forgive the vanity of the red-coloured garment?

E. M. C. of R. The money was never received, but the loss is ours. He is credited for it on our books.

M. S. The extra paper which he has received has been on account of the "Herald." The subscription expires with this number.

E. B. The contents of his letter are disposed of as he directs. We are glad to receive such substantial proofs of the progress of the cause.

J. C. C. His article contains many excellent ideas, and the main point is one for the discussion of which our columns are always open. The title, however, which he has chosen, and which he makes a prominent thought throughout the article we think nullifies all the good in it, because it isreally, in its connection destitute of meaning.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry*: Poesy; the Emigrant's Lament; Strung Pearls; "Seem Not—Be." *Miscellany*: Toussaint (continued); The Tendency of Modern Politics; Enfranchisement of Women; Revolutionary Relics; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Pro-Slavery*: To the Free Coloured People in the United States; Slavery; The North and the South. *Selections*: Pro-Slavery Action; The Capacities of the Negro Race; Wm. Lloyd Garrison; American Religious Organizations; Speech of Joseph R. Dailey, at St. Andrew's Hall, England; Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society; George Barstow, Esq.; Anti-Slavery Meeting.

SECOND PAGE.—Hemming Slavery In; Anti-Slavery Association. *Communications*; Letter from Niagara Co. N. Y.

Married,

In this city 9th instant, JOHN JACOB ASTOR, JR. to CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA, daughter of Thomas S. Gibbes, Esq.

At Washington, D. C. 8th instant, FRANK GRINNELL, of New Bedford, (Mass.) to Miss MARION GALES JOHNSON, youngest daughter of the late Gen. Robert R. Johnson, of North Carolina.

On the 2d of August last, at the British Embassy, Paris, by the late Bishop Luscombe, Dr. LARDNER, to MARY, only daughter of Colonel Spicer, late of the 12th Lancers, the marriage having been previously solemnized in the United States.

In Springfield, December 10th, ROBERT C. HOOPER, Esq. of Boston, to ADELINE E. daughter of Major J. W. Ripley, United States Army.

Died.

In Philadelphia, on the 9th instant, HANNAH JACKSON, in the 79th year of her age.

In Philadelphia, on the 9th instant, CALEB HALLOWELL, in the 36th year of his age.

In Whitesboro', Oneida county, on the 9th instant, LAURA, wife of Hon. S. Newton Dexter, in the 54th year her age.

In Marseilles, France, November 10th, JOHN CABOT, Esq. formerly of Boston.

In Newport, (R. I.) on Wednesday morning, after a lingering illness of some months, the Hon. GEORGE ENGS, in the 61st year of his age.

In Cambridge, (Mass.) Mrs. MELINDA, wife of Joseph T. Buckingham, in the 62d year of her age.

In Salem, (Mass.) December 14th, SARAH, widow of the late John Pickering, 69.

In Danvers, December 9, Capt. DANIEL KING, aged 78, father of Hon. Daniel P. King.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Late from Europe.

Since our last issue, the Caledonia has arrived at Boston, with fifteen days later news. It is of considerable consequence to the mercantile community, as the price of cotton had advanced, and the prices, also, somewhat of bread stuffs. She brings intelligence, also, of the annexation of the Republic of Cracow to Austria, by consent of Prussia and Russia. It is creating considerable excitement among the other great powers of Europe. The cholera is said to be advancing westward. Fourteen hundred persons have died of it in Bagdad. There is no other news of moment.

Later from Hayti.—By the arrival of the schooner, Mary Wilkes, Capt. Folger, we have been put in possession of papers from Port-au-Prnce to the middle of November.

It appears that everything is now tranquil among the blacks on the Island. The troubles in the South have been pacified, and the republic seems to have taken a new start in the way of wealth and prosperity.

On the 15th of November last, a new Constitution was published to the people, after having received the approbation of the Senate and the satisfaction of President Riche. This instrument is nothing else than a restoration, with some important modifications, of the Constitution of 1816, the work of Petion, the most enlightened of all those different chiefs, who have possessed the supreme power, since Toussaint successfully rose against the French.

The revolution of the first of March has thus been accomplished; and, if we may believe the Haytiens themselves, the republic now offers more, and superior, conditions of stability than it ever had before. We have been favoured with a copy of the new Constitution, and find its provisions highly praiseworthy, inasmuch as they offer greater security to life and property, and more protection to foreigners, whose business obliges them to remain in this community of free blacks, than was heretofore the case.

In eight months from the date of the last change in the Government, by the wise and energetic conduct of President RICHE, to use the expresion in the preamble of the new Constitution—"The pacification of the South has been effected by the triple means of force, wise policy, and rare magnanimity; confidence and security reign throughout the republic; the finances are in progress of amelioration; under the empire of reforms, wisely conceived and boldly executed, new institutions have been established to raise the credit of the country; and, in fine, progressively benevolent measures have been adopted in consonance with the enlightened [illegible] and humanity." The papers contain no local incidents worthy a transcript.—*New Orleans Times, 5th instant.*

General Items.

A Mexican Woman in the Field.—A Monterey correspondent of the Spirit of the Times says, it is generally believed that a company of Mexican lancers, at the late battle, was commanded by a Mexican woman named Dos Ameles. The writer says:

"Seized with a patriotic spirit, she unsexed herself, and, dressed in a full suit of a Captain of Lancers, she desired to be led against the foe, and swore that she would never yield until the 'Northern barbarians' were driven from her natal land, or until she had shed the last drop of blood in defence of her native country. Previous to the attack she was paraded before the troops, and greatly excited and augmented their courage. She harangued them, and desired to be posted at the spot where the first shot should fall, and where the thickest of the battle should rage. It is reported that on the 21st she led the charge of Lancers which proved fatal to some of our command—among the number the lamented Field.—There's an example of heroism worthy the days of old! It has remained for Mexico to produce a second Joan of Arc, but not like her, successful. I would have given a great deal to have seen her ladyship."

Gerrit Smith's Bounty.—Samuel D. Porter, of Rochester, has been made the almoner of Mr. Smith's benevolence in the gift of about fourteen hundred acres of land to the coloured men of Monroe county. Mr. Smith proposes to divide this land into thirty-four parts, to be deeded to the same number of individuals. Twenty-four persons have already been designated, to whom Mr. Smith has made conveyances, and the deeds are nearly all in Mr. Porter's hands. Mr. P. has published a list of these persons, in order that, if any of them should be known to be unworthy of Mr. Smith's beneficence, the land can be given to others who are known to be of good character.

Arrest of the Assassins.—La Vigilant, published at Donaldsonville, gives an account of the capture of the two blacks who recently assassinated Mr. Dicharry in the parish of St. James. On the morning of the 28th ult. fourteen persons armed, with guns, went in pursuit of the two runaways, described by Mr. Dicharry before his death as having belonged to Mrs. P. Colomb. Being somewhere in the rear of Mad. Thureaud's plantation, Mr. Colomb was shot at by the negro, who was lying in ambush scarcely ten paces from it. Quick as thought Mr. Colomb discharged both his barrels at the assassin, who fled, notwithstanding he was struck in the face.—He received five several charges before he fell. Three buckshot struck Mr. Colomb, one passing through his hat, another through his dress, and the third wounding him in the shoulder, though not dangerously. The same party of citizens subsequently arrested the negress, described as the accomplice of her husband, and she is to be turned over to the authorities for trial.

A Rum-Seller Indicted for Manslaughter.—A rum-seller in New-Bedford, as we learn from the *Mercury*, by the name of John Britnell, lately furnished one of his victims with brandy until he fell senseless to the floor.—The helpless man was then dragged into a cellar, where he was laid near a window with neither sash nor shutter, the thermometer being at 17 degrees, and cold water poured upon him. He was then taken from the cellar, with no signs of life about him except breathing, and the rum-seller wishing to close his shop for the night, he was left in an outer room, lying on his face, with his head *within fourteen inches of a red-hot stove.* On that same spot he was found in the morning dead. He had not stirred. The Jury of Inquest returned the following verdict:

"That Phillip G. Simmons came to his death by congestion of the brain, caused by the excessive use of brandy, and subsequent exposure to the cold, and of the heat to extreme heat, upon the premises of John Britnell, of whom the brandy was obtained, and through whose recklessness the exposure took place.

J. B. CONGDON, Foreman.

Britnell was arrested on Thursday last, and held to bail in the sum of $,1000, on a charge of *manslaughter.*

We learn from Col. Hatch, that the sensation created in New-Bedford, by the event above recorded, is extensive and deep. A town meeting was called immediately, which was held on Saturday, and numerously attended. A vote was passed, appointing a large committee to take immediate and energetic measures to suppress the illegal traffic in intoxicating drinks, which was represented as greatly on the increase, and constantly causing much suffering and crime, beside that which was so horribly exhibited to the public in the case of poor Simmons!—*Boston Journal.*

The Captives of the "Pons."—A letter from J. J. Roberts, Governor of Morovia, dated October 19th, gives a gratifying account of the condition of the receptives landed in the Colony of Liberia from the slave ship "Pons." The Governor says that the supplies furnished by the New-York Colonization Society, have, in his opinion, been the means of saving the lives of scores of them, and will no doubt, result in the civilization, and, he sincerely trusts, in the Christianization of hundreds of them, who would otherwise, in all probability, have gone off in the country, beyond the reach of the colony and Christian influence, and perhaps have been sold again into Slavery.

The Experiment of Free White Labour in a Slave State is about being tried by the citizens of Milledgeville, Ga. in running a factory in that city. I had the pleasure of meeting the superintendent of the factory, Deacon E——, of Springfield, Mass. who is a fine specimen of a New-Englander. He is an active Christian, and if the experiment works as every one believes it will, the establishment and success of the factory will be a most powerful argument against Slavery, for it will touch the people at the South in a most tender spot—their pocket. The most effective argument with them will be a plain demonstration before their eyes, that free labour is cheaper than slave. It will be asked, where will they get white labourers? It is replied, hundreds on the spot are applying for work.

Murder and Negro Stealing.—On Sunday night last, 22d instant, James Starr, Jr. and two other men, who were not recognized, went to the house of Johnson Whitmire, in Going Snake District, forced open the door, and kidnapped three negro boys. Mr. Whitmire was at the time in his bed, but being alone, had the presence of mind to remain quiet. He saw James Starr enter the house and drag out one of the boys, whom he struck over the head with a stick, which inflicted a severe wound and whom he released after taking him off a half a mile or so.

The next morning a small party took the trail of the men who perpetrated the outrage, and had not gone more than a mile and a quarter before they came upon the body of a chorokee man, who had evidently been stabbed to death by the same man who stole the negroes The body was lying across their tracks and had been stabbed twice, once in the upper part of the abdomen and once under the left arm. The party pursuing kept, the trail until they discovered that the murderer's had made their way into the State of Arkansas.—*Cherokee Advocate, Nov. 26.*

The South and the North.—Among the movements in Congress on Wednesday, was a motion by Hon. Garret Davis, to inquire as to the establishment of civil governments in the conquered parts of Mexico. With the difference of opinion which prevails relative to the propriety of such a measure, we have nothing now to do.—The war on Mexico, as well as the purchase of Texas, was undertaken with a view of multiplying slaveholding States, by which beings, which by law and practice, are denied the use of the best human faculties, are made to outweigh in the National Legislature the influence of the high-minded and free. We refer to this fact, not to discuss the question of Slavery, which seems to be a "*fixed* fact," as Mr. Cushing would say, but to remark, that whatever zeal the Northern men may manifest in sustaining the war against Mexico, they will, on no account sustain the object for which it is evident that war was made. The whole of the States east of New-Jersey, not excepting New-York, are coming to look at the measures of the South with something more than jealousy. They have made up their minds that there must be a manful resistance, on the floor of Congress; and when the time comes, it will be seen that the Southern Loco-Focos will find themselves without the waxen nose of the North; that ceratic member having assumed a more flint-like consistency, which will make the fire fly when ever brought into collision with the steel of the South. The war will be sustained, the country cared, for, with all the liberality that patriotism can suggest, but there is a fixed determination among men of all parties, to submit to no more extension of slave territory.—*U. S. Gazette.*

The Case of Freeman.—The Cayuga Tocsin of Saturday, publishes the reply of Gov. Wright to the petition addressed to him, asking the commutation of the sentence of Freeman, the murderer of the Van Ness family.—Though the Governor's decision in the matter has long been known, his answer has never before been published. The following is the concluding paragraph:

"Will you give to this unfortunate man the earliest practicable notice of my conclusion in this case, that his mind may be turned to a preparation for the execution of that sentence of the law which must terminate his earthly career, and place him before a tribunal where justice and mercy are perfectly administered."

It will be remembered that the counsel for Freeman obtained an order from Mr. Justice Beardsley, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, staying the execution until that court could pass upon alleged errors on that trial.—The cause was argued at Rochester in October, and the Court have delayed their decision until January.—*Syracuse Star.*

by the Post-Office Department, directing them, postmasters to remove the wrappers from all transient newspapers, printed circulars, price currents, pamphlets, and magazines received at their respective offices, and if found to contain any manuscript or memorandum of any kind, either written or stamped, or any marks or signs, except the name and address of the person to whom it is directed, shall be charged with letter postage, by weight; and if the person to whom it is directed, shall refuse to pay such postage, the postmaster is to send to the office whence it came and have the offender prosecuted for the penalty of $5. The name of the sender written or stamped on the newspaper, subjects him to the same penalty.

Wind Wagon on the Prairies.—The Missouri Expositor describes the newly invented machine, called a wind-wagon, which is to be used with sails and rigging as a ship, for running over the prairies. The machine is simply constructed, and the inventor says he can run up and down, across the plains, overcome a steep with a gentle ascent, without difficulty, and will carry freight to Bent's Fort or Santa Fé at $6 per hundred pounds. A gentleman who rode in the wagon, says, that with only one sail and a light breeze, it went at the rate of eight miles an hour.

An English newspaper has been establis ed in Rome, under the title of the "Roman Advertiserr."

It is not improbable that Mr. Bancroft's nomination to St. James may be rejected—at any rate some efforts are on foot to bring this about. There is no subject upon which the Southern portion of Members are more sensitive than that of Slavery; and an address of Mr. B. in reply to a Committee who desired to nominate him for Congress some years since, has been produced here, wherein Mr. Bancroft avows himself favourable to the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia.—*Cor. Newark Adv.*

The Parkersburg Case.—The General Court of Virginia has ordered the discharge of the three citizens of Ohio, who had been arrested for kidnapping slaves from Virginia. A majority of the Court decided that the offence was committed beyond low water mark on the Ohio, and therefore not within the limits or jurisdiction of Virginia.

Plain Speaking.—Mrs. Elizabeth Peters, of Boone County, Indiana, thus notices her absconding husband:

"Left my bed and board, last Fall, thereby rendering my expenses lighter, my legal husband, John Peters, without cause or provocation. All the old maids, and young girls, and widows, of all ages and conditions, are hereby forewarned against harbouring or trusting him on my account, as I am determined not to be held accountable for his debts, or more especially for his conduct, because he is a loafer, a drunkard, a gambler, a liar, a thief, and a supporter of Jemmy Polk."

A tombstone, intended to be placed on the contiguous graves of Sir Walter Scott and Lady Scott, at Dryburg, has been cut at Aberdeen. It consists of a block of beautiful red granite, seven feet long, by six and a half feet broad, and weighs nearly five tons. The upper surface is cut in the form of a double sarcophagus. The following is the simple inscription:

SIR WALTER SCOTT, Baronet,
Died September, A. D. 1832.
Dame CHARLOTTE MARGARET CARPENTER,
wife of
Sir Walter Scott, of Abbotsford, Baronet,
Died at Abbotsford, May 15, A. D. 1826.

New State.—The nucleus of a new State has just appeared in the Northwest. It is about to be christened the Territory of Minesoto (Mi-ne-so-ta), and, in some few years, it will be cleared, settled, peopled, and covered with a network of railroad and canals, and become a powerful State; represented in the Federal Congress by two Senators and a legion of members. Mr. Martin of Wisconsin, which Territory has just emerged from its chrysalis, brought forward the bill on Friday for establishing the new Territory beyond the limits of Wisconsin.—*Cor. Jour. Com.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from December 14th, to December 21st.

C. S. Bixby, Barre, Mass		$1 00
Mrs. Jane Sedgwick, Stockbridge, Mass		60
Hiram Robbins, Lockport,	N Y	1 00
Thomas Fenn, Orangeport,	"	1 00
Elisha Smedley,	"	1 00
A. S. Clackner, Rochester,	"	1 00
George Simmes, Boston, Mass		1 00
Merritt Degroat, Oswego,	N Y	1 00
N. D. Thompson,	"	1 00
Anna Titus,	"	1 00
Freeman Patch, Victory,	N Y	1 00
John Furlong, Clyde,	"	1 00
Luther Redfield, Jr. Clyde,	"	1 00
Hiram Vincent,	" "	1 00
Dav d Hagton,	" "	1 00
Rev. Samuel Gay, Hubbardston, Mass		1 00
Asa Allen,	"	1 00
Roxa Stow,	"	1 00
James F. Bradley,	"	1 00
Ezra P. P[illegible]	"	1 00
Alexander [illegible]arkhurst,	"	1 00
Hyram Young,	"	1 00
Rowland Woodward,	"	1 00
Edmund R. Greenwood,	"	1 00
Benaen Hollow, Westminster, Mass		1 00
Mrs. Geo. Hager,	"	1 00
T. P. Locke,	"	1 00
Newel Stone, Upton, Mass		1 00
Christian Garver, College Corner, Ohio,		1 00
Washington Kidenour,	"	1 00
John J. Murphy,	"	1 00
Robert Long, Granville, Ia.		1 00
Edwin Cook, Richmond,	"	1 00
J. C. Smith, Columbia, Pa.		1 00
Joseph Lambert, Somerton, Ohio		1 00
Barkley Broomhall,	"	1 00
R. J. Henry, Twinsburg, Ohio,		1 00
E. Clarke,	"	1 00
John C. Wells, Fulton Village,	N Y	1 00
S. J. Mapps, Trenton,	"	1 00
		39.97
DONATIONS.		
E. G. Wells, Trenton,	N Y	3 00
		3 00
Total Amount,		$42.97

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

NOTICES.

WORCESTER SOUTH.

The annual meeting of the Worcester County South Division Anti-Slavery Society, will be held at Worcester, in Brinley Hall, on Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 26 and 27th, instant, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and other speakers from abroad, are confidently expected to cheer us with their presence and aid in the course of the meeting.—May we see members of the society in good numbers from all sections of the country.

All persons are invited to attend.

SAMUEL MAY, *Pres.*
JOHN M. FISK, *Sec'y.*

OLD COLONY A. S. SOCIETY.

A quarterly meeting of this society will be holden in North Bridgewater, on SATURDAY and SUNDAY, day and evening, January 2d and 3d, 1847, commencing at half past 9 o'clock, A. M., on each day.

We trust our friends in the Old Colony will so arrange matters, as to be present at the meeting. We do hope to see a full and large collection on this occasion.—An interesting meeting is expected. The society will meet on Saturday in the Hall of Edward E. Bennett: and on Saturday, the Universalists' Society have kindly offered to us the use of their house, in which to hold the Convention. Speakers from abroad will be present.

H. H. BRIGHAM, *Secretary.*

MEETINGS AND CONVENTIONS IN CORTLAND, CHENANGO, AND MADISON COUNTIES.

E. D. Hudson, from Massachusetts will hold Anti-Slavery meetings in the following towns and villages in Cortland, Chenango, and Madison counties, as follows:

Cortland County.

Scott,	December 24th,	at 1 & 6 o'clock, p. m.	
Preble,	" 25th,	"	
Little York,	" 26th,	"	
Homer,	" 27th, & 28th	"	
Cortland,	" 29th, & 30th,	"	
McGrawville,	January 1st,	"	
Freetown Corners,	" 2d,	"	
Cincinnatus,	" 3d,	"	
East Solon,	" 4th,	"	
Chenango County.			
Pitcher,	January, 5th	"	
East Pharsalia,	" 6th,	"	
Preston Mason's Corners,	January 7th,	"	
Norwich,	" 8th & 9th,	"	
North Norwich,	" 10th	"	
Sherburn,	" 11th,	"	
Columbus	" 12th,	"	
Columbus Corners,	" 13th,	"	
Madison County.			
Brookfield,	January, 14th,	"	
Leonardville,	" 15th,	"	
West Whfield, Herk. Co.	16th	"	

James C. Fuller, of Skaneateles, and other distinguished speakers, will join Dr. Hudson at the meeting at Salina, and accompany and aid him in fulfilling most of his other appointments in Onondaga county.

The friends of the slave are requested to make all necessary arrangements for the meeting in their respective towns, will visit and extend notices as extensively as possible.

J. C. HATHAWAY,
General Ag't. Am. A. S. Soc'y.

☞ *The Thirteenth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar,*

FANEUIL HALL,

Will open on Tuesday morning, December 22d, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The exibition FAR excels that of any former year, or any simir occasion in the city of Boston, in the number, elegancrarity, and variety of the works of genius, taste, industrand art. The following arrangement of them have be made for the convenience of purchasers:

THE TOY TABLE

IN THENTRE OF THE HALL, will offer an unrivalled opportu for the choice of Christmas and New-Year's present The stock of DOLLS, (dressed and undressed, with ces to put on and off, and in the costumes of many ctries,) just received per ACADIA, from LONDON, ndoubtedly the best and most elegant in the city. m Edinburgh, from Ireland, and from Wales come ributions of toys so attractive, that no description ep them justice. The stock of beautifully painted nenooks, book-marks, purses, bags, cushions, &c. for gi with Chinese kites (a brilliant display), kaleidoscope. for boys; and baskets, moveable and jointed horn and animals, lap-dogs, the size of life, tin, chinawooden toys, English books, beautiful editions, some ILLUMINATED COPIES of children's story books; the DELPHIA ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR BOOK, transparergames, puzzles, assorted maps, mounted ditto. railwandkerchiefs, beautiful miniature models of mahgfurniture; boys scarfs for winter, and girl's shawls new style for spring and summer wear, with an ide variety of attractive things which it would take a whole paper to give merely a list of.

THE BOOK TABLE

On tform to the right of the rostrum, will afford a selec elegant writing materials, not elsewhere to be obta this side of the Atlantic, expressly ordered by R. Lo, of Dublin, from De la Rue's celebrated establi; and this stock, with the "cream-laid," wire-movefinished, highest-glazed, band-edged, embossed, tinted, emblematic, gilded, Weynen and plain, adde lot ordered from Paris by Bristol friends, for bridsons, all with envelopes to correspond with dozenieties of the best wafers, pens and wax, constitut a needful supply of a needful and elegant kind all who appreciate the beautiful in the useful, rtunate in securing. A large proportion of it is design, and of the kinds heretofore preferred h who import their own stationery, because, owin comparatively sma demand, it has never beenwhile for "the trade" to send out orders By greater part of all the articles at the Faneuil Ball of this description. A few linen travelling writi a new article, and copyists linen writing case shades of astonishing beauty.

Acuriosities are a piece of china; "the good servsied from the wall of Winchester College; silve jewel-boxes of the old oak of the tower of Carle Mary, Queen of Scots was imprisoned in 156and ring stands from the oak of St. George's chaistol, five hundred years old. Paper knives in of sabres and daggers of Burn's, Mossgiel, The Highland Mary's tree. Irish sea plants arrapoks, made of mammoth shells. Books of prers from memorable spots in England and Scoanically arranged books of dried plants, beautified in portfolio form; books of Ferns from Card woods. Garden and sea-flowers and milo relievo, for framing,—most rare and beautitement. Papier maché blotting books, card rel working-cases, painted with Scottish historical Tortoise-shell card-cases and boxes; ivory-silver-mounted jewel-cases and envelope cases. &c.

Ink-table will also be found the large collection colour drawings, just received per Acadia, flices Carpenter, Lady Byron, and others, to Philp, and other distinguished artists of the English school of water-colours have contributed. They consist of

Scene on the Avon; Garden of Gethsemane; Minchead; Rydal Water; Fiord in Norway; White Cliff, Senton; Mount's bay, Penzance; Rugomont, Devonshire; Scene near the Landslip; H. Martineau's house; Lake scenery at sunset; Great Western Rail way tunnell; Whitecliff; Lake Windermere; Landscapes by Fripp; Lynmouth, Devonshire; Landscapes by Philp; Eight pictures of British castles, with a historical description to each:

Castles.—Carnarvon; Scarborough; Aberystworth; Kenilworth; Ragland; Goodrich; Canstraske; Ludlow.

A fresh collection of oil paintings, flower pieces, ornithological and botanical cuttings of the greatest delicacy and beauty; with a series of engravings, mezzotints, and lithographs—many of them proof impressions, presented by the artists, to the Bazaar. The mezzotint and line engravings of Biard's slave-mart, two mezzotints of Morland's pictures of African hospitality and English requital, done in 1794, fac-simile of Magna Charta, with the signatures of the Barons:—all most becoming ornaments for the library walls of an American gentleman of English descent. Series of portraits of Scottish evangelical divines. Free Church caricatures. A few English books and tracts. Old and rare books. The people's picture-gallery, a beautiful work in quarto volumes. A recent gift per Acadia, of very rare and valuable autographs. Every variety of purses—hundreds of surpassing beauty. Etched doyleys, Sheffield cutlery, sent from that town expressly for the Bazaar.

THE LIBERTY BELL for 1847, being the eighth annual publication of it, containing articles from Dr. Madden, Dr. Bowring, Edmund Quincy, Wendell Phillips, Stephen C. Phillips, Mrs. Follen, George Combe, Dr. Davy, John Quincy Adams, Mrs. Hall, Messrs. Weiss, Brooks, Stone, J. F. Clarke, W. Burton, B. and E. H. Jones, Mazzini—the Italian exile, James Russell Lowell, Maria Lowell, Dr. Snodgrass, D. L. Child, and many others.

In front and on the left of the rostrum, and alternating with American contributions beneath the galleries, will be found the beautiful articles from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Bristol, Sheffield, Manchester, Bridgewater, Cork, Belfast, Carlisle, Dublin, and Wrexham. The most striking features of them will be,

1. The splendid array of needle-wrought tapestry. Subjects—The Florentines, Victoria in coronation robes, the young conscripts, Bonaparte in Egypt, new and magnificent flower-groups, some of these are wrought on white satin, and in Berlin wool, toned and lighted with floss-silk, are equalled only by occasional specimens to be seen in the first class of English residences, and worthy of being visited as works of art.

2. The infants and children's dresses, cloaks, bonnets, &c. of silk-braided thibet cloth; in colour, quality, design, and execution, wholly unparalleled in the American market.

3. Embroidered screens, tabourets, urn-stands of entirely noval design, lamp-mats, flower-stands, table-mats, napkin-rings, flower-stands, linen netted toilette cushions, ham-frills, curtain tassell covers, knitted, and netted, and embroidered sofa-cushions, carriage cushions, elbow cushions, copyists' arm-cushions, in astonishing variety.

4. The richest silk patch-work, of the most tastefully fancied novel patterns, of table, bed, piano, and sofa sizes, with the finest knitted and netted negligé coveres, to correspond. Beautiful as the specimens were last year, they are far exceeded by the present exhibition. Complete furniture for drawing-rooms could be furnished, and in that case a large purchase might be made on favourable terms.

5. Knitted and netted shawl-work, of the most perfect kind—such as the best shops of the country never furnish. The variety in design, size, and price, is immense. There are also a few pieces of bridal toilette work, and patterns of French ornamental work, of rare beauty of execution in Paris, that are expected, will repay much trouble to obtain a sight of.

6. Scottish clan Tartan shawls, of a fineness, size, and softness combined, nowhere else to be obtained, large and beautiful crape de laine shawl, imitation silk embroidered shawls, of an entire new style—a few black and drab colours.

7. Tunbridge ware, jewel-boxes, envelope cases, card trays, pencils, wash-stands, ring-stands, alumette-stands, pin-cases, memorandum-frames, needle-books, ink-stands, wax taper-stands.

Merchants renewing their stock, ladies furnishing their apartments, and parents in search of Christmas presents for their children, may all find here what can be fond nowhere else in the United States.

The beautiful articles from New-York, Boston, Cambridge, West-Roxbury, Concord, New Bedford, Salem, Lynn, Abington, Weymouth, and the other Massachusetts towns, all retain their goods till the latest possible moment for the sake of increasing the amount, and therefore cannot now be particularly specified.

THE CHARITY TABLE.

Will be on the right of the entrance, and the REFRESHMENT TABLE on the left.

On the evenings of Christmas day, and every succeeding one, during the continuance of the Bazaar, the most able, faithful, and eloquent advocates of the cause will address the assembly on its various aspects and prospects.

The noble address of TEN THOUSAND of the WOMEN of EDINBURGH to the women of America, will be unrolled and read on one of these evenings, and their beautiful service of plate presented to Mr. Garrison, in testimony of their respect, will be placed where it can be seen by all visitors.

WESTERN NEW-YORK ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

At Rochester, on Christmas Week, 1846.

"Blessed ones! whom none on earth
Dare to wrench from home and hearth;
Ye whose hearts are sheltered well
By affection's holy spell,
Oh, forget not those, for whom
Life is naught but changeless gloom,
O'er whose days of cheerless sorrow,
Hope may paint no brighter morrow."

The time has passed by, to undertake to set forth the propriety and usefulness of Anti-Slavery Fairs, as an instrumentality in forwarding the cause in which we are engaged. Their efficacy and efficiency have been fully tried, and amply demonstrated. The benefits reflected upon those engaged in them, have been found to be, not among the least useful results. The sewing circle, the social meeting, the free exchange of thought, the awakening of interest, all tend to good.

It is found that we can only get good by doing good—that we can only *truly* receive by giving, and that "to withhold more than is meet tendeth to poverty." We therefore, in behalf of the slave, make an appeal for aid to those who love Freedom, and hate Slavery,—who holy to Liberty and despise oppression,—with a confident assurance, that to those who appreciate the spirit and genius of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, the appeal will not be in vain.

OBJECTS OF THE FAIR.

The products of the Fair will be expended under the direction of the Board of Managers, in defraying the expenses of the Anti-Slavery agents, and in sustaining the National Anti-Slavery Standard. Any persons making contributions or donations, can have the amount expended in either specific manner which they may direct.

A commodious Hall will be procured, and the Fair opened on Christmas Eve, and continued until New Year's day. Addresses will be delivered through the week by the most eloquent friends of Freedom, who can be obtained. An Anti-Slavery Choir will be in attendance, to sing, in behalf of Liberty, songs appropriate to the cause and occasion.

In the name, then, of outraged humanity, imbruted and trampled upon,—in the name of prostrate manhood, scourged and bleeding,—in the name of God-like intellect, bedimmed and clouded,—in the name of anguished mothers, weeping and wailing,—in the name of little children, bound and fettered, sold and bartered, we ask every one to do something. The farmer can surely find something among his various productions to offer upon the altar, if his heart is in the work. All the productions of the dairy, poultry, and all the varieties of fruit, grapes and vegetables, will be needed. We ask the miller for his flour, the baker for aid in baking cake and crackers, and the mechanics for the products of their skill, in the shape of such neat, tasteful, and useful articles as their various handicrafts can furnish. The merchant for staple and fancy stuffs, such as we can work up into useful and attractive articles, for keepsakes, and friendly offerings, and while we are labouring, we remember that every stitch we take is a stitch in the shroud of Slavery, and that will make the labour light.

Do n't let those who have nothing but money to give feel slighted, for that will not be refused, but will be more than doubled by the willing hand of industry.

Now, friends, we ask each and every one of you, by the regard you have for the happiness of your own hearthstones, by the religion which you profess, and the attributes of Him whom you worship, to become fellow-labourers with us in this holy cause.

Sarah R. Doty, Farmington.
Phebe Hathaway, "
Margaret Pryor, Waterloo.
Mary Ann McClintock,
Sarah E. Thayer, Poplar Ridge, Venis.
Sarah Jacobs, "
Eliza M. Cooper, Williamson.
Sarah D. Fish, Sodus.
Sylvia Mead, Lockport.
Laura Murry, Darien.
Amy Post, Rochester.
Sarah A. Burtis, "
Abigail Bush, "
Elizabeth G. Curtis, "

WESTERN NEW-YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Western New-York Anti-Slavery Society will be held at ROCHESTER, commencing on Monday, December 28th, at two o'clock, P. M. At this meeting the principles and measures of the Society will be fully discussed, and, as usual, an opportunity given to those who may

Poetry.

POESY.

Written by George Wither, while imprisoned in the Tower.

* * * * * *

She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow,
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace,
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.
In my former days of bli-s,
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from everything I saw,
I could some invention draw,
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight:
By the murmur of a spring;
Or the least bough's rustling;
By a daisy, whose leaves spread
Shut when Titan goes to-bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me
Than all nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.
By her help, I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness,
In the very gall of sadness;
The dull loneness, the black shade,
That these hanging vaults have made,
The strange music of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves,
This black den which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss,
The rude portals, that give light
More to terror than delight,
This my chamber of neglect,
Walled about with disrespect,—
From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might,
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore, then, best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this;
Poesy, thou sweet'st content,
That e'er Heaven to mortals lent,
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to naught but earth are born,
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee;
Though our wise ones call it madness,
Let me never taste of gladness,
If I love not thy mad'st fits,
Above all their greatest wits;
And though some, too seeming holy,
Do account thy rapture, folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemn
What makes knaves and fools of them.

THE EMIGRANT'S LAMENT.

GILFILLAN.

Oh! why left I my hame?
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh! why left I the land,
Where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea,
But I cannot get a blink
Of my ain countree.

The palm-tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs,
And to the Indian maid
The bulbul sweetly sings;
But I'dinna see the broom,
Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's song,
O' my ain countree.

Oh! here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor sang of reapers heard
Among the yellow corn;
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail of Slaverie,
But the sun of Freedom shines
In my ain countree.

There 's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain,
But the first joys o' our heart
Come never back again;
There 's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea,
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countree.

From the German of Ruckert.

STRUNG PEARLS.

TRANSLATED BY N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

Oh, look, whene'er the world thy senses would betray,
Up to the steady heavens, where the stars never stray,
Where the weak heart is tossed with passion's fiery gust,
Say to it, "Knowest thou how soon thou shalt be dust?"
Say to thy foe, "Is Death not common to us twain?
Come, then, death-kinsman mine, and we'll be friends again."
Much rather than the spots upon the sun's broad light
Would Love spy out the stars, scarce twinkling through the night.
Thou none the better art for seeking what to blame,
And ne'er wilt famous be by blasting others' fame;
The name alone remains, when all beside is rest,
Oh, leave thou to the dead the little which is left.
Be yielding to thy foe, and peace shall he yield back,
But yield not to thyself, and thou 'rt on victory's track.
Who 's thy deadliest foe? An evil heart's desire,
That hates thee still the worse, as thy weak love mounts higher.
Knowest thou where neither lords nor wretched serfs appear?
Where one the other serves, for each to each is dear.
Wouldst thou first pause to thank thy God for every pleasure,
For mourning our griefs thou wouldst not find the leisure.

From the London Inquirer.

"SEEM NOT—BE."—*Tycho Brahe's Motto.*

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Out on seeming! shall life ever
Garb itself in hollow shows,—
But a stagnant pool, plague-spreading,
O'er which green but thinly grows—
But a jungle through whose verdure
Glide all shapes most foul to see?—
Off with empty shows of virtue!
Off with semblance!—*seem not—be.*

Out on all this hollow mouthing—
Timed devotion—fashioned prayer!
Where, while breath 's alone adoring,
Sleeps the soul, and takes no care!
Where, through easeful self-delightment,
Six times runs the flood of day,
And the seventh's feigned abasement
Life's great debt is held to pay.

Out on all these masques of goodness
This our life doth vaunting wear,
Through whose eyes the subtle evil,
And sloth's sleepy eyeballs glare!
Not for forms of breath-devotion—
For the shows of good ye see,
Was life given, but for true working—
Scorn thou semblance—*seem not—be.*

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT:
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Musse.)

CHAPTER IX.

When the President finished reading this singular document, a profound silence reigned, through the Hall. Only here and there some one of the arrogant masters broke out, or affected to break out into a scornful laugh, but the majority sate, pale with rage or fear, and cast anxious glances out of the windows, which shook with the thunders of the distant fight. The moment had come when there flashed upon every mind, a gleam of the desperate future, a sense of approaching destruction, and the warning voice of an evil conscience. Then pride suddenly awaking, would prompt some to break out in furious speeches, while others put questions, and endeavoured to deliberate, accusing and being accused, until the ferocious violence of parties excited them one against another, and the Hall boiled again with the wild tumult of passion. Now the men of the rich, old families, who secretly abhorred the aims of the Democrats, and who foreboded nothing good from the rage among the lower classes, for liberty and equality, grew bold in the expression of their opinions. Their hereditary pride had been deeply offended, and they despised and hated the new liberty that was clamoured for none the less, since many of their own rank, as Borel, for instance, had deserted them, and were now flattering the mob. Only upon one point did all voices accord, the labourer and the Baron, the spouter in the cabaret, and the President in the Assembly, all joined in abhorrence of the mulattoes and blacks, and only a few hot heads, chiefly from the mother-country, held to the ideas of Rousseau and to the National Assembly, which solemnly maintained the sacredness of human rights. The party of the nobility, who began to look upon France with hatred, was strong and flourishing, and by its influence, the conviction was spreading far and wide, that nothing could come from the mother-country but danger and ruin to the good old rights and customs. The people of the Island had at first hailed the Revolution in France with fanatical ardour, had raised liberty-trees, disregarded the old authorities, even the Governors and in an ungovernable tumult, the blood of those who stood by the old institutions had been shed. But the zeal for liberty went no farther, and when it was said that all who bore the name of men, had a right to freedom, when the mulattoes drew the sword, and the blacks rose, when orders were received from France, that went to prostrate the old distinctions of castes, then the mania for freedom was accounted a crime, the liberty-trees were cut down, the officers of the Government were threatened with death if they dared to think of executing these orders, the mother-country was denounced, the harbour locked up, and the rights of St. Domingo were to be defended against the injustice of France. Looks were cast towards Jamaica, where the flag of England floated, and where freedom and slaves were still found together. The thought of separating from a people to whom the inhabitants of St. Domingo were bound by so many ties, by birth, laws, manners, and a thousand outward and inher resemblances of character, and of throwing themselves into the arms of a nation, that seemed designed by nature to be their opposers, rivals, and enemies, could have found place only in a time of the wildest political excitement. But political fury extinguished in many hearts all feeling for their country. The flags of France were torn down, and the red flag of England hoisted. The officials and adherents of the old country were publicly murdered, and it was threatened to expel all Frenchmen, and only by the most solemn oaths, by the greatest concessions, and by the help of a party called the French party, could Blanchelande prevent the utter destruction of the French. But now the moment had arrived for the aristocrats to take a decisive step. Charmilly rose and demanded, explicitly, that help should be sought from Jamaica. "Do you not see," he cried, "that France neither can nor will assist us. They have sent their liberty principles over to us, and placed us in the greatest peril, but there comes neither ships nor soldiers to protect us in our need. England is ready to stand by us, let us seek help from Adam Williamson, [illegible] that we shall not seek it in vain."

Borel started up, and shouted to the stout Baron, denouncing him as a traitor, who deserved the highest gallows for his proposal. Charmilly leaped up in his turn, and flung back the reproach, and their friends had much to do to prevent a personal conflict. "Where have you the means to defend yourselves?" cried the Baron. "Do you not hear the blacks at your doors? Where are your arms, your men? Want will soon waste you, and leave you defenceless, and then the slaves will break in and murder you all."

England! England!" cried many voices. "Hear the noble Charmilly, we want help that will serve us, not fine words."

"A curse upon England!" shouted the opposite party. "France! France, forever! Long live France!" A shouting and screaming, worse than all, now mingled the disputants in the wildest confusion. Reproaches and denunciations, cries of shame and liar filled the Hall, the catch-words, "betrayed and sold," flew from mouth to mouth. The uproar spread to the galleries, but here weapons began to gleam. The adherents of Charmilly scarcely ventured to repeat the demand for English aid, as it stirred up the patriotism of the ladies. "Out with the traitors!" cried the fair Creoles to their friends, and instantly swords glanced in the hands of the young gentlemen. Their opponents, however, were not so easily to be put down, as they, too, carried swords and knives. Blows were exchanged. Curses mingled with shrieks, and cries of death, until the palace guard rushed in to restore peace, and they formed a third party. The occupants and the furniture of the Hall were all thrown into inextricable confusion, they grappled with one another, and fell, tangled together in shrieking, maddened heaps; and Vincent, half-ready to laugh at the grotesque scene, and half indignant at what he saw and heard, gained the corridor, and hastened forth through the excited crowds, into the street, until the noise died away behind him. He then proceeded more slowly to the mansion of de Charmilly. "O, my sweet friend!" said he to himself, "if I only knew that you were safe from all these perils, I could rejoice to see all this madness and folly destroying itself. This proud, rich Baron, who denies both his country and his own honour, and wants to sell himself, for the sake of Slavery, to the English, the eternal enemies of France, how could I hate him, how gladly would I plunge my dagger into his heart, and now, because he is master of thy fate, I am full of anxiety for him. Ah, yes, would he only send us two to Jamaica, in those blue mountains that rise out of the sea, even I could be happy among that hated people." He raised his eyes and beheld in the distance the high, dim mornes, rising with their dark, forest-crowned tops into the red heavens, and he sighed and smiled as he remembered how Toussaint had offered him there a lovely asylum for his love. And then he frowned, as the strange old negro stood before him in imagination, and seemed to beckon to him. "Thou black apparition!" said he, with a smile, "thou must be a devil, for thou art continually rising before me with thy temptations. I hate thee and thy black brothers, the wild beasts that rend and murder everything, and I must fight with you to the death for my love." With this, he stopped before the house, pulled the bell, a black maiden appeared, and led him into the parlour to her mistress, and all his anxieties were forgotten when Helen met him with that sweet and happy smile, which always went to his heart.

CHAPTER X.

They sate together and talked of everything which concerned the present crisis. Helen asked about the insurrection, and the noise of artillery and drums, and the cries she heard in the streets. He told her all, and his worst apprehensions were betrayed in his words, but she smiled as if she hardly understood him, and while she placed her hand in his, her clear, bright eyes seemed to communicate courage to his soul. And then pointing out of the window, she said, "Out there, among the wild negroes, is my friend and your faithful protector, Vincent. What need we care? If they break in here and seize the city, I know he will be sure to find us out and protect us."

"If the savages gain possession of the Cape," said Vincent, deeply moved, "there will scarcely survive a living man to tell of it. God above protect us! We will fight to the last and die sword in hand."

Helen turned pale, but still she smiled upon him. "I did not think," said she, "that blood must flow. O, Vincent, perhaps your blood. I have only one thought. Why can we not leave this cruel land, this land of folly and wickedness? I have met only one man," she continued, softly and tenderly, "who is not full of passion and madness, and who would willingly fly with me where peace and rest dwell. Is it not so, Vincent? Men are evil everywhere; ah! even good men can be cruel; when their ambition speaks, they care not how many hearts they break. My uncle, does he not love me as an only child, and yet he can see me suffer, perhaps die, without changing his mind."

Vincent pressed the beautiful hand which he held to his lips, and said, "Never have we said that love united us. We knew it; that was enough. But our love is mightier than if it had been sworn to a thousand times, and let what will happen, I can never part with it."

As he uttered these words, his eyes kindled with the hidden fire which met the gentle flame that glowed in her looks. And thus they gazed at each other for a moment without a word or motion. In silence they pondered the obstacles to this sacred passion, and hope triumphed. Vincent threw his arms around her, and she, gently yielding, fell upon his heart, and trembling with delight and pain, their lips joined. "Ye blessed moments," said Vincent, softly, and the inspiration of love beamed from every feature. "Why do ye not make me forgetful of the past and the future. Why must I, in the midst of this rapture, still think and feel?" He pressed his hands to his brow, and then fell upon one knee before his beloved, who clasping his head with her white fingers, sought with sweet, consoling looks to quiet him.

"When I lay sick and lonely, at night," whispered Helen, "I saw thee hovering round this house, or I dreamed it, my beloved friend. I heard thy plaintive voice as it sighed around me, and as thy restless shadow strode up and down before me, I saw thy very heart open to pour its blood. Then I sprang up and [illegible] myself into thy arms. I softly pressed the [illegible] to gether, and kissed thee, and then thine eye [illegible] med with new fire, as now. Then thou didst bear me through a thousand horrors. O, there were fearful forms, spectres, monsters, bloody murderers; there were deserts full of snakes, and darkness, and abysses, until we came to a valley as beautiful as the holy Paradise. Palm-trees waved their wonderous tops, fountains sprang from hills covered with flowers, where rare birds sang, and in the midst of all stood a humble cottage. Thither thou didst bear me and cry out in a voice of glad triumph, 'Here we will dwell forever, here eternally love.' It was all a dream, but when I awoke, I felt myself so at peace that I knew I should get well and be happy."

"Thy dream," said he, "how easily can it be realized! Was it not Toussaint, the slave and prince, who offered us a retreat in the bosom of the mountains, where are many hidden valleys which resemble the paradise of thy dreams."

A faint blush passed over Helen's pale features. I longto be forth and away from these raging passions, with which I can have no sympathy,' said she, softly. "When my uncle tells me of the bitterness and hatred of his opposers, and of the parties which are ready to tear one another in pieces, I cannot understand, how they can cherish such bloody hate.—What is the hatred of these blacks and mulattoes to me? What concern have I in their freedom or servitude? I feel only fear and pity, and a horror of this bloody savageness which I can forget only in love. O! I could forgive them and weep and pray for them, would they only leave me alone, but they break in even upon my poor still life with their madness, and will make me a victim with the rest."

Vincent threw a look full of tenderness and melancholy upon the delicate youngcreature. As she sate before him, so gentle, so pale, it seemed to him as if she was not of earth. The illness from which she had hardly recovered, gave a soft clearness and purity to her look, and now her large eye rested upon him with a preternatural brightness. A feeling almost of adoration siezed him, and then the blessedness of being beloved by this pure being filled all his soul. But suddenly his heart was oppressed with the deepest sadness as he thought how little able was the tender creature, so frail and dilicate, to withstand the raging storm which demanded a heart and nerves of iron. But her smile was full of hope, and when he remembered how spiritedly she had interposed in his defence, and how she had commanded the admiration of even black and her self, he grew ashamed of his despondency. "If I tried to tell you how I love you," he cried, a glow no words, and where is the country, the desert, or to-morrow, whether we shall not all be buried But we must give way to no weakness; we must under the burning roofs of this city, or cut down by resign ourselves to no dreaming fancies. We must the sword, and then there will be an end to love, decide and act with prudence and caution. To the care, and sorrow. loving heart it may seem easy to live in a desert, and "No," cried Helen, weeping, "he will not, may to be happy in wretchedness, but the fairest dreams not die. We shall yet be happy, I know it. But vanish utterly at waking. We have duties to the not here in this abyss of evil, but out there in the world and to our fellow-men, and we are bind by mountains, protected by our black friend." ties involving the most sacred thing in life honour, "There indeed," cried Blanca, with sudden anwhich must not be broken. Your uncle is a hard, imation, "there thou could'st make a precious sacproud man, but he loves you with the tenderness of rifice for thy love, and Vincent, yes, there is a hope of a father, and he professes to esteem [illegible] His better things. At the head of the unhappy creatures heart may incline to us. He may yet make happy." who are struggling there in the mountains with their

"He will not do that," replied Helen, sad "O, murderers, you may cut out the highway to Freehe knows that I love you. He knows it, though dom. Lead them to victory, be you their General, he has never spoken of it. With his large, betrayheir guide, humble these haughty executioners, and ing eyes he looks at me, and talks of cousume wrest from them what they deny you." court. By the hour together he talks of m, of "Never," said Helen, extending both hands to his fine person, of his wealth, of his wit, and his Vincent, "never shall he expose himself to such conquests among the ladies of this Island. Can great dangers, and perish." this be a recommendation? And then he [illegible] of "Who dies for freedom, lives eternally!" replied the time when Jumecourt will come to [illegible] me, the lady de Blanchelande, and then added, softly: and when I shall live with him on one of [illegible] most "And do not my tears still flow for one, who never beautiful plantations of the Island. I wish [illegible] knew this highest freedom, and who made my heart to tell him this cannot be, but the words [illegible] away so desolate as it is now." on my lips, and I tremble. He does not, he [illegible] not "O! what words are these," cried Helen, and her understand me." pale cheeks were suffused with a deep blush. "He

"He shall understand," replied Vincent, [illegible]. who dies may live eternally in the dead letter of his"I myself will tell him how I love you, and he tory, but can the heart be satisfied with this sad reject me when he learns that Helen Chdly, glory, that heart which trembles at the slightest whom he calls his pride and joy, for whom he, thought of separation? If thou canst be consoled as he says, he is yet able to pray, has given nce with such thoughts, thou hast never loved. Not for and forever her heart?" Ere Helen could [illegible], all the world's renown, all the treasures of Paradise, a side door opened, and a lady entered, who de no, not for the deliverance of the whole race of man, for a moment, with a cold, almost solemn [illegible] would I expose him whom I love to one hour of ness considering the confusion of the surprisers. mortal peril, which I could possibly avert." She was young and beautiful, but cond pale. An expression of perfect repose beamed in the In her dark eye appeared an expre of eyes of Blanca, as with a smile, she folded her friend austerity and boldness, that indicated a minded in her arms. "Thou art a good, innocent child," above all weakness. The lofty brow ed said she, "all nature and simplicity, and therefore do thought, the proud features, formed as it were I love thee so fondly. But hast thou never heard a Roman model, excluded all idea of feminiin- that this short dream of life is precious to humaness, and the solemnity of her whole bearin nity only as we serve holy truth, by entire self-renunin perfect keeping with her black robe, and hi ciation? Hast thou read how Abraham prepared to under which, nun-like, her luxuriant locks wesacrifice his only son, because God commanded it? cealed. The God in my breast speaks even as distinctly. O,

In some confusion, Vincent measured the thou Supreme Good, protect me, choose me not to stranger who slowly advanced towards him.w give the world an example how virtue is to be now, Citizen Captain," said the lady, with le served!" that went to his very heart. "What if inf She let her clasped hands fall, but raised herself, me, the proud Baron Charmilly had entere, and stood erect, when the clear voice of Baron Charand heard the wo of eternal love and milly was heard at the door. The old gentleman which I have heard, and had seen the you put his head in, and immediately entered as soon as grow red and pale, as I see him now. W he saw who were present. His cordial greetings in- Baron have been subdued by such an exhi dicated a better humour than could have been ex- character?" pected.

She spoke these words not without a certa "A hot day!" said he, with a laugh, "hot on all scorn, which touched Vincent, but he was sides. But good news. Touzard's mounted grenahe beheld Helen in the arms of the unknow, deers have chased the black creatures from the plain, with a tenderness which gave a new expressi and hearken now, how the shooting grows weaker features, addressed her with gentle words and weaker." ed her forehead. "This, then, is thy Paladi "And the Assembly!" said the lady de Blanchesh, while her eye glanced towards the yo lande, "has, as usual, uttered thundering speeches, cer, "the man with whom thou wouldst and done nothing." thy fate. O! my poor child, thou art a la "Missed the mark!" replied Charmilly, laughing; knows not the wolf, the insatiable wolf, t "for once, our hot fighting in the Assembly also name life, this sea with sirens and whirl has been crowned with victory. We have silenced which thy bark is tossed. "And you, Capt the boasted patriotic party, and it is fairly settled continued, while she kept fast hold of He that two messengers shall go to Jamaica and ask with a piercing eye measured him from head the aid of England." "know you what you do, when you would "And my father?" asked Blanca. dear child away out of the still world of "The wise Blanchelande conceded that it was deobedience? Know you that you, you who sirable that England should be in alliance with us, vow only her happiness, are preparing for h until help arrives from France. We request the aid trouble? A soft, trembling heart like this of six thousand men and some ships, in order to put used to be the plaything of rude passions, an an end to the traffic in arms of the cursed Americans meet the wiles of men with wiles, unconscio and Spaniards, and I think," he added, with marked baseness of men, having tears for her only w emphasis, "that in a few weeks we shall have the why fling her forth to be torn and crushed red-coats in Jacmel, Port-au-Prince, and St. Nicolas, proud old Baron had laid his plans so finely, and they will not soon leave us." is the mad fool Jumecourt—Helen might "My father countenances this treason," cried the ried him, and learned to love his bright loc lady, with indignation; "now, indeed, he deserves to gentle heart might not have been wholly wr called to a strict account. I must away and see, But now you step in, separate her from her what mischief can be prevented." heap hatred in the head, prepare for her a d ture of suffering and woe, perhaps a life of *(To be continued.)* and an early and sorrowful death, and wha you to give her? Speak, what have you to d compensation of so many sacrifices?"

"My heart's eternal faith and love," From Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper. Vincent, coldly.

"That is much and little," cried the lady. ## THE TENDENCY OF MODERN POLITICS. heaven! a man's love and faith are like bri, that loses its bright feathers in the first We have entered upon a new epoch, and we think wind." a hopeful one. Its tendency is to substitute the

"I have too much self-respect," said Vincent, not a little annoyed at this singular intrusion, "to engage in a dispute which would bring my own feelings into question. The present moment is too serious and precious."

"To listen to one," said the lady, "who appears uninvited, and interrupts a tender interview."

"Indeed," replied the officer, "the appearance was surprising."

"Regard not what he says," said Helen, beseechingly, and embracing the lady. "Reginald, this is my dear and only friend, Blanca de Blanchelande; she knows my trials and my love; she will always be welcome to us."

The daughter of the Governor extended her hand to Vincent. "Citizen Captain," said she, with the faintest smile, "you have perhaps heard strange stories and bitter things said of me. I despise the silly, base rabble, whose empty heads can devise nothing but calumnies against other and better people. I have lived through much," she continued, while an expression of deep melancholy played for a moment round her delicate lips, "and yet I am still young, and as well fitted for happiness and joy as you all." Suddenly she paused, and her eyes began to sparkle with a new fire. "How I envy you, Captain," cried she, "you may not only live for Liberty, you can fight, and even die for her. Not for the freedom of these fasle Creoles, these base wretches and hypocrites, no! but for the divine rights of all men, for the freedom which Rousseau announces, and the Convention in Paris has proclaimed."

Vincent gazed at the speaker, who proceeded with rising enthusiasm to speak of human rights, and to denounce with great severity, the divisions of classes, existing in the Island. He had indeed, heard that the lady de Blanchelande was at once beautiful and enthusiastic in her ideas of freedom, that she had formed a union of ladies to procure equal rights for her sex, and to place themselves on a level with men, and that her open contempt of the Creoles had proved not a little hurtful to her father. But he had also heard that since the death of the Chevalier Mauduit, she avoided all company, and that her proud reserve rendered all approach to her almost impossible. And now he saw this lofty being standing before him like a priestess of liberty, her large eyes kindling with inspiration, and a smile of rapture upon her lips. The man-like decision of her manner, and the calm consciousness of a great purpose which was only for a moment lost in the inspiration, which gushed from the noblest sources, from fountains, which poured into his heart too the loftiest thoughts—all this filled him with a wonder that moved him very deeply. Such a being as this had hovered before him in his dreams. So had he often thought to himself of Helen. The loveliness of Helen conjoined with the strong soul of this heroic woman. His eye wandered from one to the other, but ever rested with deep love upon Helen's gentle features.

What could love be to one that estimated man by his opinions and kept her own heart in subjection to a dream of universal freedom and virtue. She would love a Mongolian, if he corresponded to her ideas. That she declared, and by her sate Helen, and smiled upon Vincent, as if she would say: It is not the pride only of manhood that attracts me in thee, but the beauty of manhood—I love thee with a woman's heart!

"Your love is noble, Captain," said Blanca, "and this citizen is worthy of you, my friend. Even if I had not known, what I know, that Vincent has been brought up in the principles of freedom, and that he loves them devotedly, the answer which he has given me, when he said he had only his love to give thee for all thy sacrifices, convinced me of his worth. "But what will you do," she added, "to bring her uncle's stubborn mind to your views?"

"I will go to him," replied Vincent, "and tell him the truth."

"There speaks a true child of the Republic," cried the lady, "but a Creole like this Baron is not to be moved by the truth. Know you not, he would say, that the maiden is my sole heiress? Know you not, that my ancient family and large estates demand a very different arrangement?"

"And what would *you* do?" asked Vincent, impatiently.

"I!" replied she, "I would stand before him and say: I love this man, and by the sacred name of liberty, no one shall take him from me. But here is a dove who has nothing but tears, and tears the world heeds not. Citizen captain, say nothing, what can it be to us to know [illegible] where hatred and self, he grew ashamed of his despondency. "If I [illegible] to-day or to-morrow, whether we shall not all be buried

ENFRANCHISEMENT OF WOMEN.

Extract from a Sermon, on the Rights and Condition of Women; considered in the "Church of the Messiah," preached November 8, 1846, by Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, N. Y.

* * * * *

But some would eagerly ask, should women be allowed to take part in the constructing and administering of our civil institutions? Allowed, do you say? The very form of the question is an assumption of the right to do them the wrong that has been done them. Allowed! why, pray tell me, is it from us their rights have been received? Have we the authority to accord to them just such prerogatives as we see fit, and withhold the rest? No: woman is not the creature, the dependant of man, but of God. We may, with no more propriety, assume to govern women, than they might assume to govern us.—And never will the nations of the earth be well governed, until both sexes, as well as all parties, are fairly represented, and have an influence, a voice, and, if they wish, a hand in the enactment and administration of the laws. One would think, the sad mismanagement of the affairs of our own country, should, in all modesty, lead us men to doubt our own capacity for the task of governing a nation, or even a State, alone; and to apprehend that we need other qualities in our public councils — qualities that may be found in the female portion of our race. If woman be the complement of man, we may surely venture the intimation, that all our social transactions will be incomplete, or otherwise imperfect, unless they have been guided alike by the wisdom of each sex. The wise, virtuous, gentle mothers of a State or nation (should their joint influence be allowed) might contribute as much to the good order, the peace, the thrift of the body politic as they severally do to the well-being of their families, which for the most part, all know, is more than the fathers do. Even for the restraint of the unruly, and the reformation of the vicious, women would be found to possess a power and a skill, which far transcend the force and coarse appliances, on which men are wont to rely. In support of this last supposition, I need only point you to Mrs. Fry, in England, and to Mrs. Farnham and Miss Dix, in our own country. These women have evinced a fortitude and courage, as well as a degree of sound sense, which very few men possess.

Undoubtedly some of you are ready to say to me, "pray would you have women public instructors, lecturing upon moral and political science, and harangue-ing the people upon their special duties as citizens? Hear my reply. It is not for me, nor for us men, to prescribe the mode in which the women shall operate. Let us leave this to their own good sense and taste. There is a great deal of lecturing and haranguing, that doth not profit. Would that neither men nor women should ever speak in public, unless they have somewhat to say worth hearing. But if a valuable thought is suggested to any one, I see not why that thought should be suppressed, because it was started in the mind of a female. And if she, to whom it has come, has power to utter it and is moved to do so, I see not why she should be forbidden. To me, it is as grateful to hear words of wisdom and eloquence from a woman as a man; and quite as uninstructive and wearisome to listen to a vapid, inane discourse from the one as from the other. I know not why silly men should be encouraged to speak more than silly women; nor why the wise of one sex should be forbidden, any more than the wise of the other, to communicate what they possess to those, who may need it, and in the manner they prefer. To whomsoever God has given the power to instruct and control others, by their learning, their eloquence, or their wit, to them he has given the authority to do so. I have heard some women speak in a manner far more convincing and impressive than most men that I have known, were able to; and so as amply to vindicate their right, to stand up in the pulpit or the forum as teachers of men.

"Ah," say some, "would you then have women engage in the acrimonious contests of the political parties, attend the angry meetings, witness the passion, hear the ribaldry and abuse, that are poured upon each other by the excited opponents; and be tempted perhaps to commit the same offences themselves?" No, surely not. Neither would I have *men* guilty of such indecorum, folly, and wickedness. If political meetings must needs be disgraced by such scenes, they ought not to be held; and those men who would attend them, show that they are careless of their own moral health. It were no more unseemly, no worse any way, for women to be thus defiled, than for us men. We are called to be upright, pure, and holy beings as well as they. Propriety of conduct, courtesy of manners, purity of speech, delicacy, refinement, gentleness, are just as becoming in one sex, as the other. For one, I do not allow it to be a matter of course, that we men should be rough, violent, passionate, abusive, profane, obscene. It is unworthy of any man to be so. He is as much bound as a woman can be, "to keep himself unspotted from the world," and to keep himself away from places where, and from persons by whom, he may be tempted to become thus vile. Is it not, indeed, a mortifying confession—one that we men ought to be ashamed to make, that political meetings are occasions, from which the delicate and pure would shrink, and yet that we attend them? Nay more, friends, if it be true that they are such,—if our primary political gatherings, at which the people are called to consider their true interests and duties, and to exercise their high prerogatives as a self-governing community,—if these primary meetings are indeed such scenes, that our mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters would be disgusted at them, may we not seriously apprehend, that our civil institutions are unsound, rotten at the very core? and anxiously look about us, for healing and purifying influences, from any quarter, to save us from the impending ruin?

* * * * *

Women are coaxed, flattered, courted, but they are not respected by many men as they ought to be; neither do they respect themselves as they should. They are not regarded and treated as equals; nor do they claim to be. So long has this been the case, so long have they and we all been used to that organization of society, in which we are assigned to an inferior place, that most of us, and most too of themselves acquiesce in the wrong, as if it were right. But this does not make it so; nor avert the evil consequences, which are flowing through society, from the entire exclusion of the wisdom and virtue of half of mankind, from the councils of State, and the administrations of justice and mercy. The intellectual and moral powers of the female sex generally are not half developed, because no adequate demands are made upon them. Excluded, as they are, from all direct influence, in the decision of many of the greatest questions of social and national interest—they seldom take the trouble even to consider them; and so we lose the benefit which we might derive from their perceptions of right, which are often clearer than our own. When we see what has been done for the redemption of mankind, by the few women who have broken through the enclosure, in which custom would keep them, and have thought, and spoken, and written freely in behalf of humanity, we cannot repress the apprehension, that States and nations are suffering immeasurably, from that waste of intellect and moral sense, which are expending themselves upon the inanities of fashion, and the follies of personal or household display.

* * * * *

Women are too dependent upon men. We have too much power over them; and they are often cruelly oppressed. See how pitifully their labours are requited. The disclosures that have been made of the incessant, wasting toils to which they are subjected, especially in or near large cities, for a compensation utterly insufficient to provide them amply with the bare necessaries of life; the degradation of their persons to which they are often driven by the pressure of absolute want; the ease with which the base, heartless seducer escapes the condemnation which his villainy deserves; and the unforgiving censure with which his victim is pursued—these disclosures alone, are enough to show how unequal, how unfair is the dealing of our race with that portion, which, if either, should be treated with the greater leniency—enough to show how false, hypocritical is much of the adulation that is bestowed on women. Can those men feel any proper respect for females, who make them their drudges from morning to night,—or who are willing to pay them the miserable pittances which they do, for labours that consume the live-long day, and oft the sleepless night? Yes, about as much as the slaveholders feels for their slaves. * * *

REVOLUTIONARY RELICS.—We saw one day this week all the original papers found in Andre's boot at the time of his capture; the plan of the fortifications at West Point; the return of the number of guns; the report of Major Bauman, commanding the artillery, to Arnold, as to the situation of the troops in case of alarm, and the number of soldiers necessary to garrison the various batteries and redoubts, from Villefranche, the engineer. Also, Arnold's pass to Major Andre, which he exhibited too late to the three scouts to stay their suspicion and save himself. How much on a little presence of mind a man's fate sometimes depends! Had Andre, when the three militia-men arrested him, merely said, "I am out on particular service for General Arnold, here is his pass," they would have let him proceed without search; but when he asked them if they "belonged to the party below," and they answered, to deceive him, "Yes," he remarked, eagerly, "so do I! I'm a British officer, out on particular duty, and anxious to reach New-York; they took him into the woods, searched him, and found the treacherous papers. The papers are in an excellent state of preservation, and belong to Mrs. Beekman, the widow of the grandson of the late Governor Clinton. This lady is now having them substantially framed, as an heirloom for her children.—*New-York Messenger.*

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PAPERS.

FUNERAL OF A TEETOTALLER.—On Sunday last the remains of Richard Turner, originator of the name teetotaller as applied to abstainers from intoxicating drink, whose death we noticed in our last week's paper, were interred in St. Peter's churchyard, ground having been purchased for that purpose through the exertions of a few zealous friends of the temperance cause. A very large number of teetotallers attended the funeral, and in addition to those residing in Preston., there were several from Wigan, Hindley, Bolton, Blackburn, Burnley, Padiham, Lancaster, &c. The funeral procession was preceded by the Rechabite band; after which came the teetotallers, two abreast, headed by Messrs. Swindlehurst, Howarth, Simpson, Bradley, Dearden, and other members of long standing. Next came the corpse, in a hearse and pair, then the relatives of the deceased, followed by the singers and Sunday-school children connected with the Primitive Methodists, of which society he was a member. Altogether the number who attended the funeral amounted to about four hundred. The streets through which the procession passed were thronged with spectators. The deceased had been upwards of fourteen years a member of the temperance society, having signed the pledge at the request of Mr. Swindlehurst and Mr. Dearden, in St. Peter's school in October, 1832, while in a state of intoxication. It may not be generally known how the term "teetotallers" became first adopted by the members of the total abstinence society, but we may inform our readers that Dickey, (that being the name by which Mr. Turner was familiarly called,) in one of his speeches, which were generally characterized by an equal mixture of wit and blunders, being at a loss for a word which would convey to the audience that he was an out-and-out total abstinence man, said, "I have signed the tee, *tee-total* pledge." This speech was delivered in the Cockpit, at the latter end of the year 1833. The word being short and expressive, was immediately adopted by the abstainers of Lancashire, and ultimately throughout England, nay, we may say, throughout the world, for both in America and India the term is adopted by those who are pledged to abstain from all intoxicating liquors.—*Preston Chronicle.*

"GET OFF THE GRASS."—A MISTAKE.—On Sunday afternoon, during the time the private gardens and the eastern terrace, at Windsor, were open to the public, Lord John Russel, one of her Majesty's guests, walked from the terrace and was, proceeding across the grass, in the Home-park, towards the iron gates opposite the Long-walk, a portion of the royal domains from which the public are excluded. His lordship had proceeded some distance before he was noticed by one of the castle policemen, who no sooner saw a stranger (as he supposed) on forbidden ground, and not knowing who it was, sung out with stentorian voice, "Hallo, you sir! come back, and get off the grass! Come back, you sir!" Lord John immediately got off the grass, and returned back towards the York and Lancaster towers. By the time his lordship had got to within some thirty or forty paces of the policeman, the official found out his mistake, having been informed the offending party was a person in the suite of some of her Majesty's visitors. He then called out to Lord John, (who had evidently been taken by surprise.) "You may go on; you are all right enough." His lordship, smiling at the bystanders, then retraced his steps and pursued his walk acorss the park, towards the avenue of trees leadin to the Waterloo-gate.

ROMAN RAILWAYS.—A correspondent, addressing us from Rome, writes as follows:—The net of railway which the Pope seems disposed to grant will embrace six principal lines—from Rome to the frontier of Naples—from Rome to Civita Vecchia—Civita Vecchia to the frontier of Tuscany—Bologna to Ferrara—Forli to Ravenna. There is talk, also, of two great lines, from Civita Vecchia to Ancona, and Ancona to Bologna, which might be executed by the united resources of the papal government and the companies. The entire web of Roman railways would embrace 1,025 kilometres; and the expense of construction, it is estimated, would amount to 256,250,000 francs."—*Athenæum.*

MADNESS AND THE COLOUR OF THE HAIR.—Men with dark hair and eyes are usually robust and sanguine, have strong passions, are generally furious maniacs, and have marked crises—while those with intensely black hair and eyes are of a nervous temperament, and are more subject to melancholia; those with brown hair have less energetic paroxysms—while light-haired persons, with blue eyes, being of the lymphatic temperament, although subject to mania and monomania, have often agreeable and pleasing reveries, and are seldom furious, but the cases are generally more chronic, and pass into dementia; while red-haired lunatics are very treacherous and dangerous, and are never to be trusted; the same also applies to white-haired maniacs, who are almost always furious and traitorous.—*Medical Times.*

TRUTH IN AN ADVERTISEMENT.—A baker in the New Cut, advertises "*bran* new bread."

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